

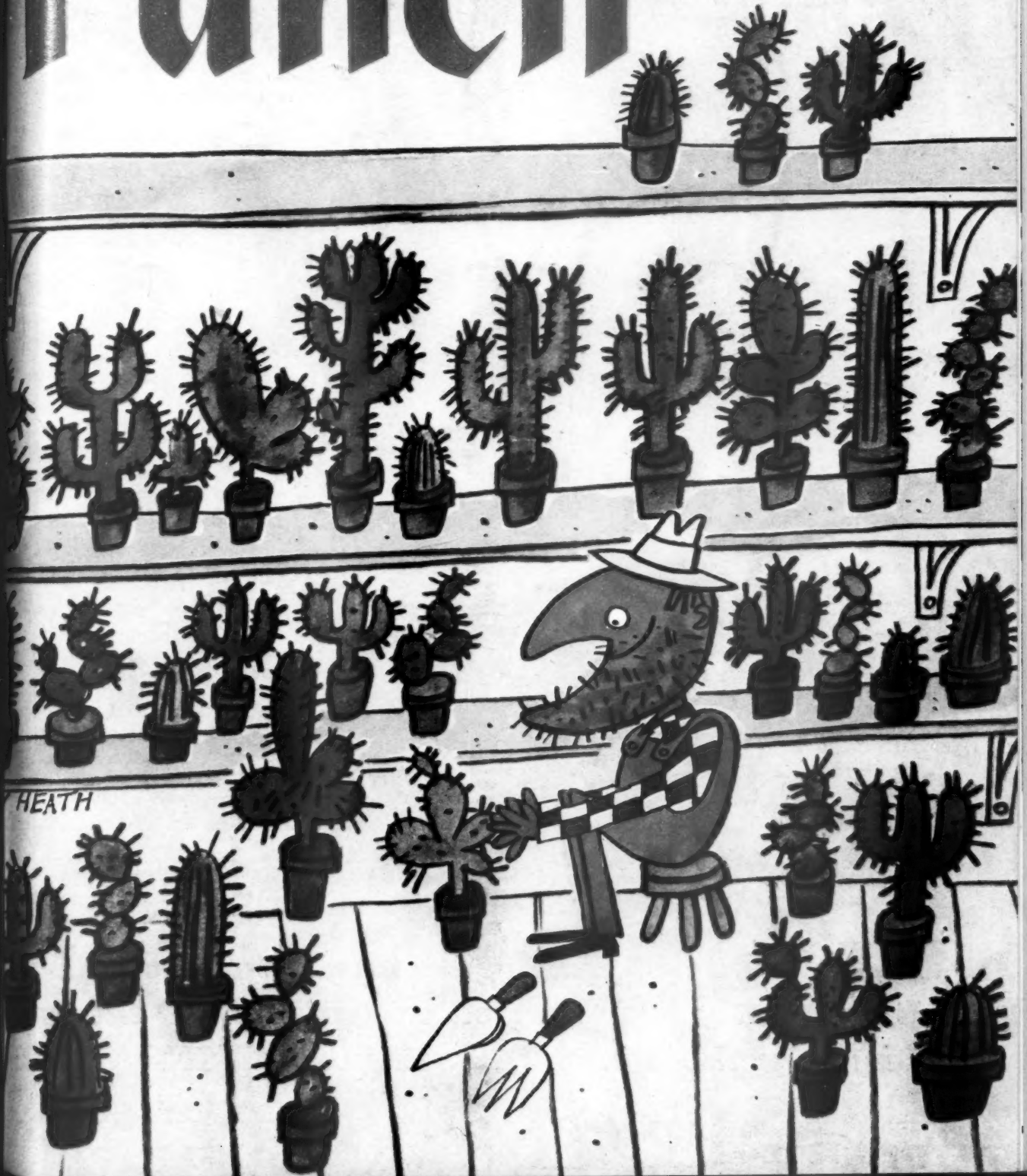
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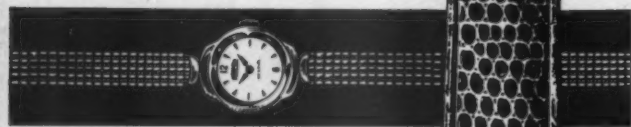
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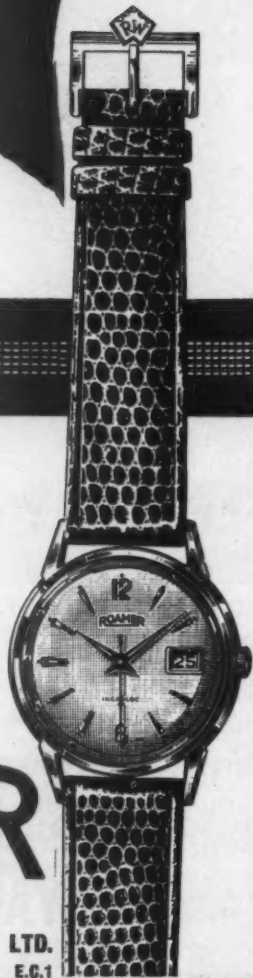
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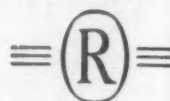
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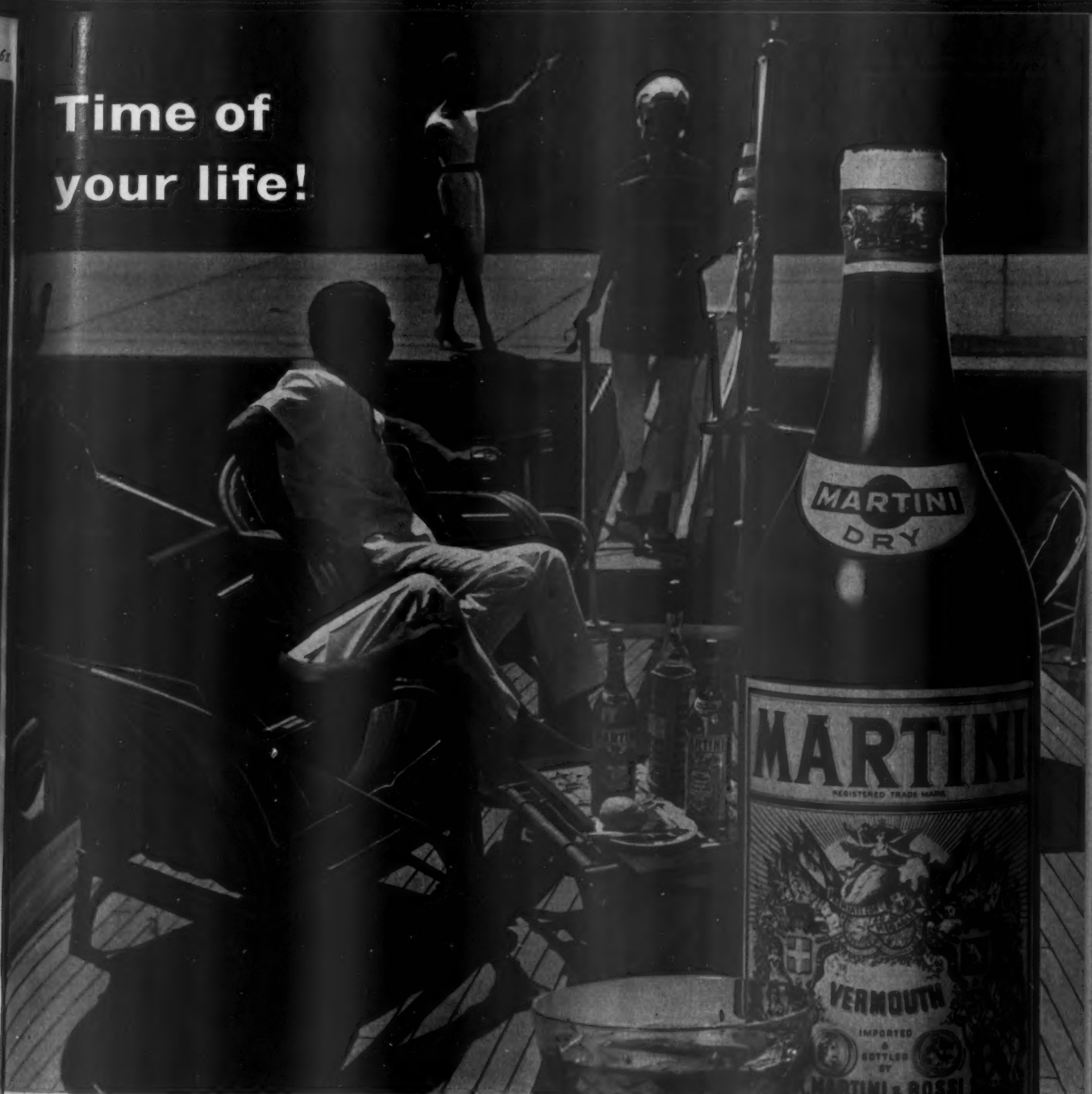
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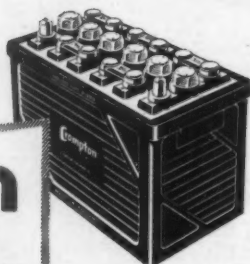
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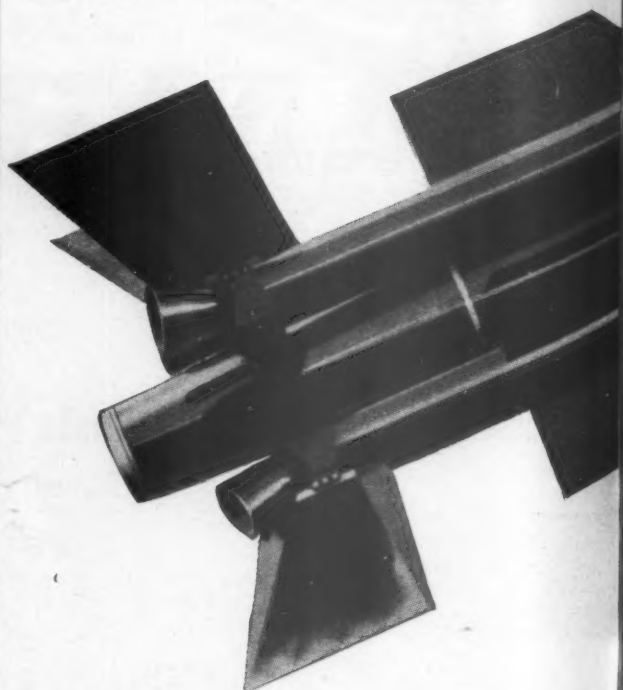


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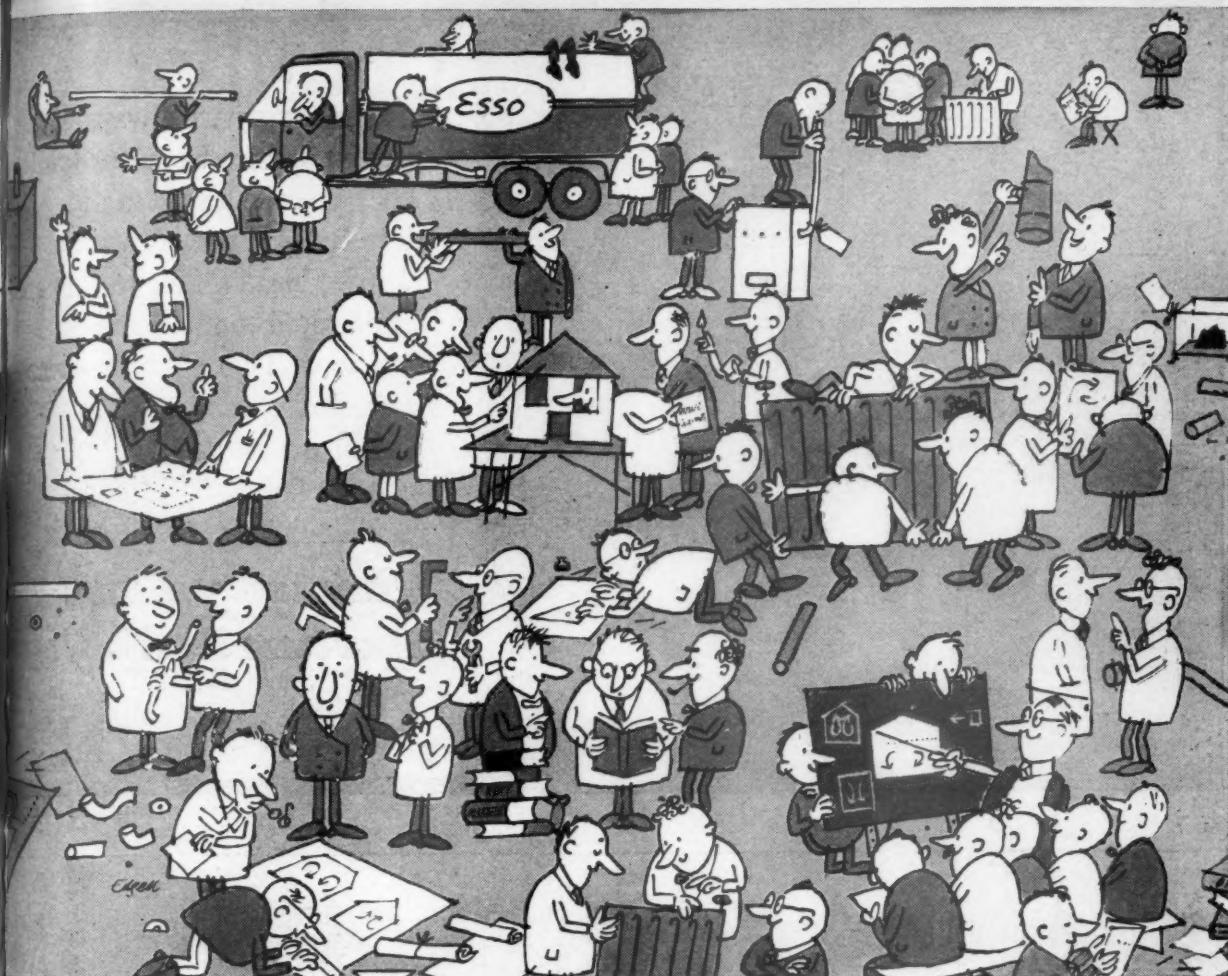
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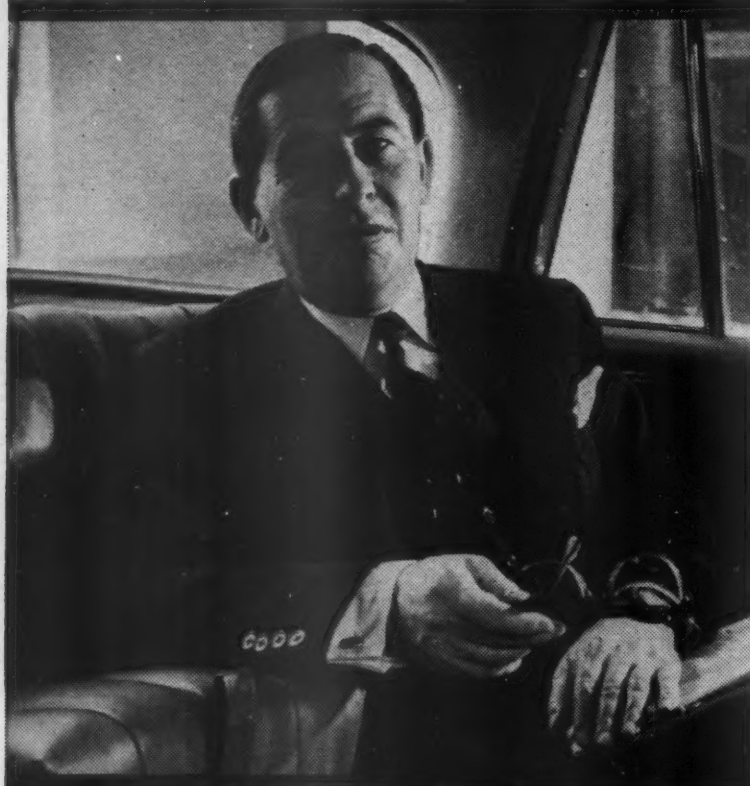
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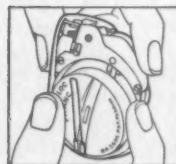
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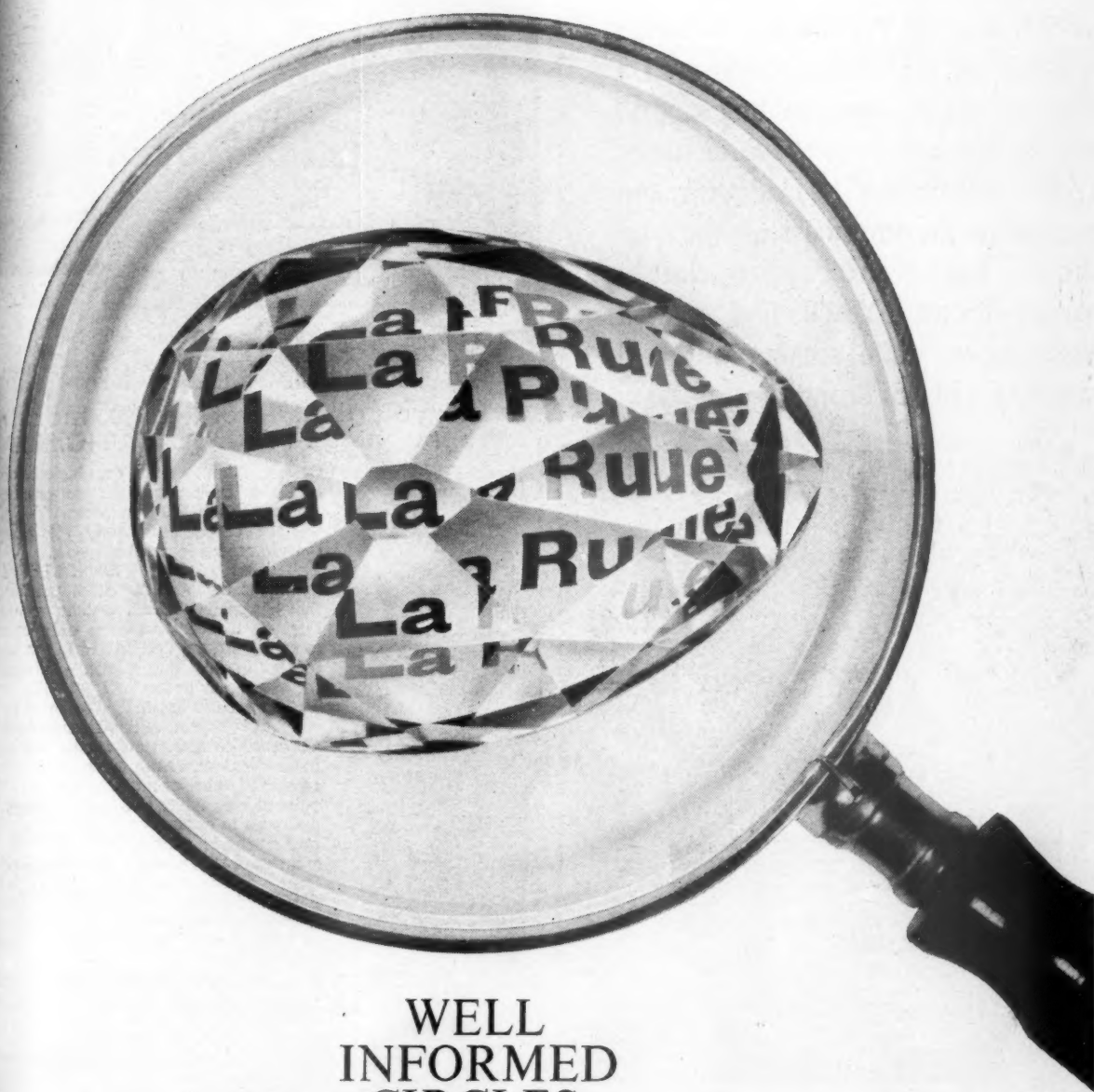
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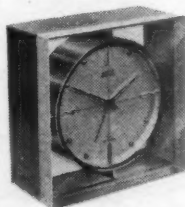
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All the listings are based on the latest information available at the time of going to press.

THEATRE

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)



The Affair (Strand: TEM 2660)—did the Don fake the thesis? Ronald Millar out of C. P. Snow. (27/9/61)

The Amorous Prawn (Piccadilly: GER 4506)—old-model hearty comedy, funny in places. (16/12/59)

As You Like It (Stratford-upon-Avon)—good production, with Vanessa Redgrave a memorable Rosalind. Nov. 15. (12/7/61)

Becket (Aldwych: TEM 6404)—a winner by Anouilh, well acted. Nov. 15. (26/6/61)

Beyond the Fringe (Fortune: TEM 2238)—four ex-undergraduates very funny in original revue. (17/5/61)

Billy Liar (Cambridge: TEM 6056)—newcomer Tom Courtenay in weak play about north-country Walter Mitty. (21/9/60)

The Bird of Time (Savoy: TEM 8888)—well-acted first play that fails to come to much. Until Nov. 18. (7/6/61)

Bonne Soupe (Comedy: WHI 2578)—cynical comedy from Paris, not for the nursery. (1/11/61)

Bye Bye Birdie (Her Majesty's: WHI 6606)—satirical American musical, Chita Rivera wonderful. (21/6/61)

Do Re Mi (Prince of Wales: WHI 8681)—average American musical. (18/10/61)

Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'be (Garrick: TEM 4601)—low-life British musical, funny but not for Aunt Edna. (17/2/60)

Goodnight, Mrs. Puffin (Duchess: TEM 8243)—few comic clichés remain unturned. (26/6/61)

Guilty Party (St. Martin's: TEM 1443)—very exciting, big business whodunit. (23/8/61)

Heartbreak House (Wyndham's: TEM 3028)—excellent revival of one of Shaw's most stimulating plays. (8/11/61)

Irma la Douce (Lyric: GER 3686)—low-life French musical, good for the sophisticated. (23/7/58)

The Irregular Verb to Love (Criterion: WHI 3216)—another witty domestic tangle by Hugh and Margaret Williams. (19/4/61)

Let Yourself Go! (Palladium: GER 7373)—revue. Harry Secombe lovable and Eddie Calvert loud. (31/5/61)

The Long Sunset (Mermaid: CIT 7656)—new historical drama, reviewed this week.

The Lord Chamberlain Regrets (Saville: TEM 4011)—disappointing revue, determinedly but vainly topical. (30/8/61)

Luther (Phoenix: TEM 8611)—John Osborne's new play, with Albert Finney. (9/8/61)

The Mousetrap (Ambassadors: TEM 1171)—the nine years' wonder. (16/12/52)

Much Ado About Nothing (Stratford-upon-Avon)—another weak production that has gained in strength. Nov. 17. (12/4/61)

The Music Man (Adelphi: TEM 7611)—silly dancing in dull treacly American musical. (22/3/61)

My Fair Lady (Drury Lane: TEM 8108)—still a good musical. (7/5/58)
Oliver! (New: TEM 3878)—exciting British musical from *Oliver Twist*. (6/7/60)
One For The Pot (Whitehall: WHI 6692)—the latest Whitehall farce. (16/8/61)
One Over the Eight (Duke of York's: TEM 5122)—Kenneth Williams in patchy revue. (12/4/61)
The Oresteia (Old Vic: WAT 7616)—reviewed this week. Until Nov. 18.
Othello (Stratford-upon-Avon)—John Gielgud's first *Othello* too elaborately produced. Nov. 16. (18/10/61)
The Rehearsal (Globe: GER 1592)—amusing and dramatic Anouilh, very well acted. (12/4/61)
Richard III (Stratford-upon-Avon)—lightweight but effective production, with Edith Evans, and Christopher Plummer dashinglly dotty. Nov. 18 and 21. (31/5/61)
Romeo and Juliet (Stratford-upon-Avon)—Edith Evans and Dorothy Tutin magnificent in average production. Nov. 20. (18/10/61)
Ross (Haymarket: WHI 9832)—Rattigan's fine study of T. E. Lawrence. (18/5/60)
The Sound of Music (Palace: GER 6834)—tunes the best thing in a very sentimental American musical. (31/5/61)
Stop the World, I Want to Get Off (Queen's: REG 1166)—Newley's patchily good musical satire. (26/7/61)
The Taming of the Shrew (Aldwych: TEM 6404)—Vanessa Redgrave and Derek Godfrey make the evening worth while. Nov. 16-22. (20/9/61)
Teresa of Avila (Vaudeville: TEM 4871)—Sybil Thorndike in mild but well-acted play about Carmelite squabbles. (1/11/61)
A Whistle in the Dark (Apollo: GER 2663)—Irish violence, well done. (20/9/61)
Young in Heart (Victoria Palace: VIC 1317)—the Crazy Gang still certifiable. (4/1/61)

REP SELECTION

Playhouse, Liverpool. **The Importance of Being Earnest**, until Dec. 2.
 Colchester Repertory Theatre. **Black Chiffon**, until Nov. 18.
 Guildford Repertory Theatre. **The Bride Comes Back**, until Nov. 18.
 Oldham Repertory Theatre. **Celebration**, until Nov. 18.
 Leatherhead Repertory. **Twelfth Night**, until Nov. 18.

CINEMA

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Bachelor in Paradise (Ritz: GER 1234)—Reviewed this week.
Ben-Hur (Royalty: HOL 8004)—The old faithful spectacular: chariot-race splendid, and otherwise bearable even by those who usually avoid "epics." (30/12/59)
Breakfast at Tiffany's (Plaza: WHI 8944)—Glossy light romantic comedy in colour, beautifully done; Audrey Hepburn irresistible. (1/11/61)
The Connection (Academy: GER 2981)—Uniquely impressive, from the play about the roomful of drug-addicts and the man filming them.
Exodus (Astoria: GER 5385)—Long (3 hrs. 40 mins.) spectacular account of what preceded and followed the birth of Israel in 1947. Action stuff good, character conventional. (17/5/61)
Gorgo (London Pavilion: GER 2982)—Science fiction in colour: 250-ft.-tall monster crashes through London. Entertaining nonsense. (8/11/61)
The Guns of Navarone (Columbia: REG 5414)—Six assorted saboteurs spike German guns on a Greek island. Noisy, violent, visually fine adventure story. (10/5/61)
Hiroshima Mon Amour (Gala-Royal: AMB 2345)—Revival of the subtle, moving, allusive, atmospheric love story directed by Alain Resnais. (20/1/60)
Il Grido (Paris-Pullman: KEN 5898)—Antonioni's 1957 tragedy of a workman and his wanderings in the Po Valley. (4/10/61)
Inn of the Sixth Happiness (Rialto: GER 3488)—Revival: Ingrid Bergman as a dedicated amateur missionary in China, Robert Donat (his last film appearance) as a mandarin. (3/12/58)

CONTINUED ON PAGE XIX

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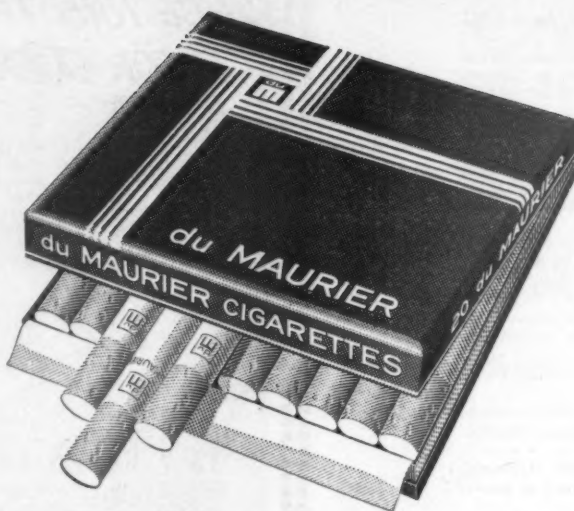
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE XVII

Nikki, Wild Dog of the North (Studio One: GER 1300)—Disney, based on James Oliver Curwood novel. Visually fine, but otherwise like old-style animal films—facetious music, arranged fights galore.

La Règle du Jeu (Academy: GER 2981, late night show)—Jean Renoir's classic, in full for the first time since 1939. (11/10/61)

Paris Blues (Odeon, Marble Arch: PAD 8011)—Reviewed this week.

Rocco and His Brothers (Cameo Poly: LAN 1744, and Cameo Royal: WHI 6915)—Visconti's epic about the struggles of a dead-poor rural family to survive in Milan. (20/9/61)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (Curzon: GRO 3737)—A young Northerner (Albert Finney) at home and in and out of one or two other beds. Admirably done, very enjoyable. (9/11/60)

The Savage Eye (Compton: GER 1522)—The camera's "savage eye" on grotesque, ugly, comic, pitiful human activities; accompanying words not so impressive. (25/11/59)

Shadow of Adultery (Berkeley: MUS 8150)—Misleading title for the French *La Proie pour l'Ombre*. Career-woman (Annie Girardot) wants independence, ditcher lover (Christian Marquand) as well as husband (Daniel Gélin) to get it. Good detail, contrived framework.

South Pacific (Dominion: MUS 2176)—Lush colour (Todd-AO) Rodgers and Hammerstein musical: US soldiers, sailors, girls on a Pacific island in 1943. (7/5/58)

Spartacus (Metropole: VIC 4673)—Spectacular "epic" with Kirk Douglas as a gladiator; blood, violence and colour in the arena.

A Taste of Honey (Gala-Royal: AMB 2345)—Excellent film version of the play: drabness made exhilarating by perceptive writing, fresh playing, observant direction. (27/9/61)

This is Cinerama (London Casino: GER 6877)—The first Cinerama show, back for a time.

The Tramp (Curzon: GRO 3737)—French (*Archiède le Clochard*): bravura comic performance by Jean Gabin.

SHOPS

On November 18 at 11 am **Harrods** have a Winter Sports fashion show and film: Georgian restaurant, tickets necessary. Just opened, first floor, is their "Presents from Grandmama" department, featuring gifts for small children. This year's Christmas Bazaar is in the Central Hall. **Peter Jones** open their gift shop, with special adviser, on November 20, and there is now a gift hall at **Burberrys**. New here for men is the knee-length "Teddy Bear" coat, tartan lined; for women, exclusive Scottish tweed capes with matching skirts and overnight-size coach-hide handbags. This week from Paris at **Russell & Bromley** are crocodile handbags, with matching shoes. **Dickins & Jones** have various novelty lines in leather shoehorns: latest imports, American toys, jewellery, umbrellas.

Exclusive to **Liberty's** are their Indian furnishing fabrics in wool and cotton, while **Marshall & Snelgrove's** display of Chinese carpets and rugs ends November 18. On show, from November 20, will be completely fitted kitchens by various makers. At **Waring & Gillow's** is a special exhibition of Ercol furniture in different settings.

From Holland at **Harvey Nichols** are wrought-iron treasure cots, nylon draped, colour and pattern to order, while **Derry & Toms** have French suits for small boys, Italian linen for babies.



MUSIC AND BALLET

Royal Albert Hall—Nov. 17, 7.45 pm, London Philharmonic Orchestra, soloists Cyril Smith and Phyllis Sellick. Nov. 19, 7.30 pm, London Symphony Orchestra, Tchaikovsky programme, soloist Louis Kentner.

Royal Festival Hall—Nov. 15, 8 pm, BBC Symphony Orchestra and Chorus. Nov. 16, 8 pm, London Symphony Orchestra, soloist Helen Watts (contralto). Nov. 17, 8 pm, Philharmonia Orchestra, soloist Wilhelm Backhaus (piano). Nov. 18, 6 and 8.45 pm,

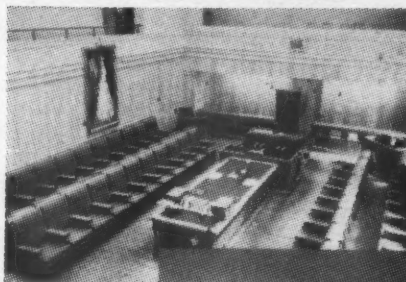
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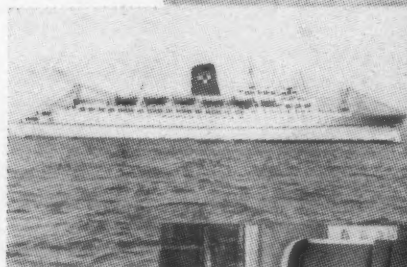
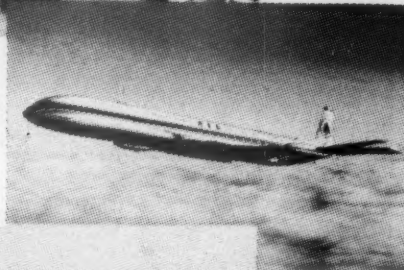
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PUNCH

Vol. CCXLI No. 6323 November 15 1961



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Bernard Hollowood

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*For overseas rates see page 736.

Charivaria

SEVERAL towns are finding themselves in difficulties over the proper housing of Judges on Circuit. Is there room for their lordships' butlers? That is the kind of question that encourages the city fathers to cough up another fifty thousand. Well, it all makes something for the homeless to read as they tramp the stony-hearted streets of London.

Think Big

BRITAIN'S progress towards a world of Efficiency, Optimum Personnel Allocation and Job Analysis is still patchy. How backward and uncultured we must seem when foreign visitors find that the Poet Laureate has no Deputy, no Managerised Personal Assistant, no Consultant Prosodist and probably not even a Public Relations Officer. What was good enough for Skelton and Wordsworth looks pretty



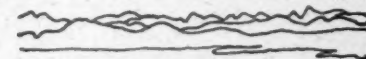
meagre to-day. The post clearly rates a staff of at least ten, two washrooms, wall-to-wall carpeting and three blondes on the switchboard.

End of the Trail

NO one likes to see a skilled craft extinguished. Hence, the announcement that aerial advertising is to be illegal in Britain after January 1 next will cause sadness not only in schools of sky-writing but among sky-gazers generally. You can't recruit a sky-writer simply by putting an

advertisement in the Personal column saying "Pilot - wanted, good hand-writing essential." If you think sky-writing is easy, take your car on to an

Farewell



abandoned airfield and try driving through the reversed outline of your name. Then imagine doing the same thing in the air over a ten-mile course. It's a tough job, sky-writing; though it must be even tougher in China.

AV, RV or Shooting Script?

REMEMBERING the fuss last year about the right claimed by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode to print the new translation of the Bible, I was interested to find on my desk a handout headed "King of Kings—the book of the film." I wonder if Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode will want to print this, which is a "novelisation" of "this much-discussed million-dollar epic"?

Clever Fido

LET me warn the teachers at Gosbeck Primary School, Colchester, that if they persist in employing a calculating dog to teach arithmetic to the children, they are running other risks beside the disapproval of the NUT. There was a famous calculating horse earlier in the century called Clever Hans, which could do quite advanced problems, like square roots; but it turned out that what it was really doing was counting up from one



"We tried desperately hard with the do-it-yourself culture idea—learning to paint, playing the piano, modelling, picking up languages from records, and so on—but now at last we've rediscovered true happiness."

(with its hoof, of course) until it saw the tiny involuntary sign of approbation on its master's face as it reached the right number; then it stopped. If golden retriever Bingo is doing the same thing, it will tend to give a wrong answer whenever it sees signs of pleasure on its audience's faces; and since they are likely to regard the whole



"Heard the latest? About a month ago..."

thing as tremendous fun, I imagine this will happen quite often.

The Blue Streak Syndrome

TALKING of counting, there is a story about an American rocket engineer's child who was just learning to count. Visitors came and patted it on the head. "Let me hear you count, then, dear." "OK," said the child. "Five, four, three, two, one, goddam."

Cover Story

A SUPERINTENDENT in Dublin got into a mass meeting of protest (about a police pay award) by inspecting the premises under the Public Dance Halls Act. If this kind of ingenuity spreads over here, police will be moving among dockers holding strike meetings on Tower Hill with the excuse that they are making quite sure no match-seller without a hawkers licence is lurking in the crowd, protest marchers will have their columns thrown into raggedness by spot checks on manhole covers and nuclear disarmers sitting placidly on pavements will be harried by cops after illicit bingo.

Ahh, Fishto!

THREE scientifically trained fish-assessors went to work in the Hull docks this month "awarding ten points for a fish smelling of seaweed and seven for one that is musty, mousey or peppery." Let's hope the Hull housewife enters into the spirit of the thing and doesn't merely buy yet another kitchen air-freshener.

Hint

VISITING the delightful exhibition of French Landscape at the Marlborough Gallery I was interested to notice in the gentlemen's washroom a labelled socket for an electric razor.

Liquid Asset

BLENDED tea designed to suit the local water is served at Trent Valley Station refreshment room. This is an inversion of the process used by some brewers unlucky enough to live outside this vale of beers who "Burtonise" the water, or liquor as they call it, before adding the more basic ingredients. If other soft beverages fall into line we shall hear knowledgeable conners praising the ingenious grafting of cocoa nibs to wash in better with

London's hard dregs of Thames and Lea or getting a sport lemon by cross-pollination to match Birmingham's satin-soft stream, piped over a hundred miles from the Welsh mountains.

What, No Buggy?

LUNCHING at the White House, a Texan newspaper publisher told the President he was soft on the cold war. He said, according to his own account, that Mr. Kennedy was "riding Caroline's tricycle instead of being a leader on horseback." So now we know what the idea of progress is in Texas.

Let Nothing You Dismay

MY 1961 Oscar for the surprise element in publicity goes to this: "What on earth can I give them for Christmas? This heart-felt cry rings out from every home in the land. For car owners the answer is very simple—buy them a safety belt." Don't imagine that the holly-and-mistletoe atmosphere is out. It isn't: "Father Christmas isn't taking any chances this year... Look out for him in the big stores wearing his diagonal safety belt." But the real punch line is the message suggesting that "the giver is genuinely concerned for the welfare of the recipient—that is the advantage over the frivolous type of gift."

Blow to Bumbledom

WORKMEN of Fife County Council, mending roads for all they were worth, resurfaced 650 square yards of Clackmannan by mistake. What did Clackmannan County Council do? Did they laugh their heads off and say "It serves them right for not looking where they were mending"? Or did they haughtily order Fife to apologise and to restore the roads to their original condition? They did neither of these things; instead, they civilly agreed to pay Fife's costs, which they thought reasonable. This is the sort of *dénouement* that breaks news editors' hearts, but to some of us it is cheering to find a border dispute settled amicably for once.

Sometime, Never

I SEE that a prototype fallout shelter has been taken into New York's Grand Central Station, where it is to be on show to the public for one year. All being well.

—MR. PUNCH



THE CROWDED WORLD

A scientist examines the effects of nuclear missiles on population

NOT FIT FOR CHILDREN

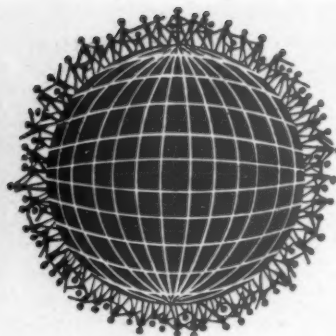
By RITCHIE CALDER

NOTHING short of a cataclysm, natural or man-made, can prevent the world's population from being 4,000,000,000 by 1980, less than 20 years off. It may be more, but it cannot possibly be less, even if the most vigorous population control measures were now promoted, and accepted, everywhere.

One can test this by the example of Japan. There the birth-rate has been halved in seven years, from 35 per thousand to 17.5. This has been done by intensive Government propaganda and provision of birth-control measures. Now 45 per cent of the married couples in Japan, urban and rural, practise family planning. Yet, inescapably, the population of Japan, now 92,000,000, will be at least 105,000,000 in 20 years' time. This is because death-control is operating simultaneously. More infants are surviving to grow up and marry and the span of life has been increased.

The cataclysm, natural or man-made, would have to be stupendous. The late Sir Arthur Keith called war "Nature's pruning-hook" but no old-fashioned war would serve. The total deaths of all the belligerents of the six years of the Second World War were considerably less than the annual increment of the world's population to-day.

A natural cataclysm might, by analogy with the Black Death, decimate the population. In the ten years between 1348 and 1359 half the entire population of Europe is supposed to have died. It is said that in London nine out of ten died and Boccaccio, whose *Decameron* was written around the fugitives from the plague, reported that, out of 130,000 people in Florence, 100,000 died. In the last pandemic—world-wide epidemic—of influenza in 1918-19, it is reckoned that 21,000,000 died. That is less than half the annual increment of population. The death-roll would have to be something far greater than that and it is inconceivable that,



with our existing knowledge of disease-processes and methods of control, that would happen.

A man-made cataclysm is not so inconceivable. In the bedtime stories which the nuclear-bomb experts tell us there is the coy word "overkill." The last time I heard it an American expert, in a cosy meeting of similar experts, declared that USA had "three times overkill." That means that the stockpile duly delivered would kill all the people in the USSR *three times over*. And, of course, vice versa.

It is possible but difficult to exaggerate the consequences of a nuclear slogging match. We have heard enough to know of what megaton bombs are capable—vaporisation, blast, fire-ball, gamma rays and radioactive "plumes" carried a thousand miles by the prevailing winds. And that apart from the stratospheric storage of radioactive particles which would eventually re-enter the weather-system and be dispersed everywhere. There would be few if any places on earth where lethal radioactivity would not spread, far beyond the frontiers of the "overkilled" belligerents. Do not let us dwell on it. A nuclear war would certainly take care of the population problem—perhaps for good. Man has now, for the first time, the power of veto on the evolution of his species.

But, away short of a nuclear war, radioactivity can get loose. Before the suspension of tests, some 184,000,000 tons of "TNT equivalent" were released into the living-space of the human race. That represents some 92,000,000 curies of radiation. This figure is difficult to grasp but a curie is equal to the radiation emitted by one gramme of radium. Before the release of atomic energy made radium more or less obsolete (by substituting other made-made elements) the amount of medical radium in the whole world was about 500 grammes. This "fallout" figure, therefore, represents 184,000 times that. That's a lot of curies.

PROFESSOR RITCHIE CALDER, C.B.E., author, scientific, social and political journalist and broadcaster. Professor of International Relations, University of Edinburgh. Started as newspaper reporter, specialised in science, undertook various missions for UN, has done research on atomic energy and radiation. Publications include "Birth of the Future," "Profile of Science," "The Life Savers," and "The Inheritors."

Since then to the outrage of everyone (including those who contributed to the previous fallout) the Russians have radioactively poisoned the atmosphere still further. They (not the Kremlin, but the Soviet peoples in Siberia) got the fallout first. But from the storage in the stratosphere, the radioactive particles must come back into the weather system to be swept by the jet streams round the earth, particularly in the Radioactive Forties, the latitudes which include the United States, Britain, France and the USSR, the nuclear powers, but a lot of other nations as well. This bomb garbage comes down with the rain. It gets into the soil, into the plants we eat, or into animals, like the cows, which process these plants for human consumption. Thence into milk and in the case of radiostrontium, which, like the lime it physiologically imitates, will be built-in to the bones of growing children. There is no child anywhere in the world which has not got "sunshine units" of radiostrontium, in some degree, in its bones. But some have more than others. For instance the children of Asia, who eat rice or plants straight from the fields, have six times as much as those of British children, whose radiostrontium has been filtered to fractions by the cow which gives them their milk.

("Sunshine units," how macabre! The term belongs to the days when the bomb-makers had overlooked this bone-seeking man-made element, and when they discovered it they classified it as a secret and called the researches "Operation Sunshine.")

Leaving out, although it is always difficult, the emotional overtones of all this, how serious is the effect of such radiation?

Might it in fact be an involuntary way of restricting population-growth?

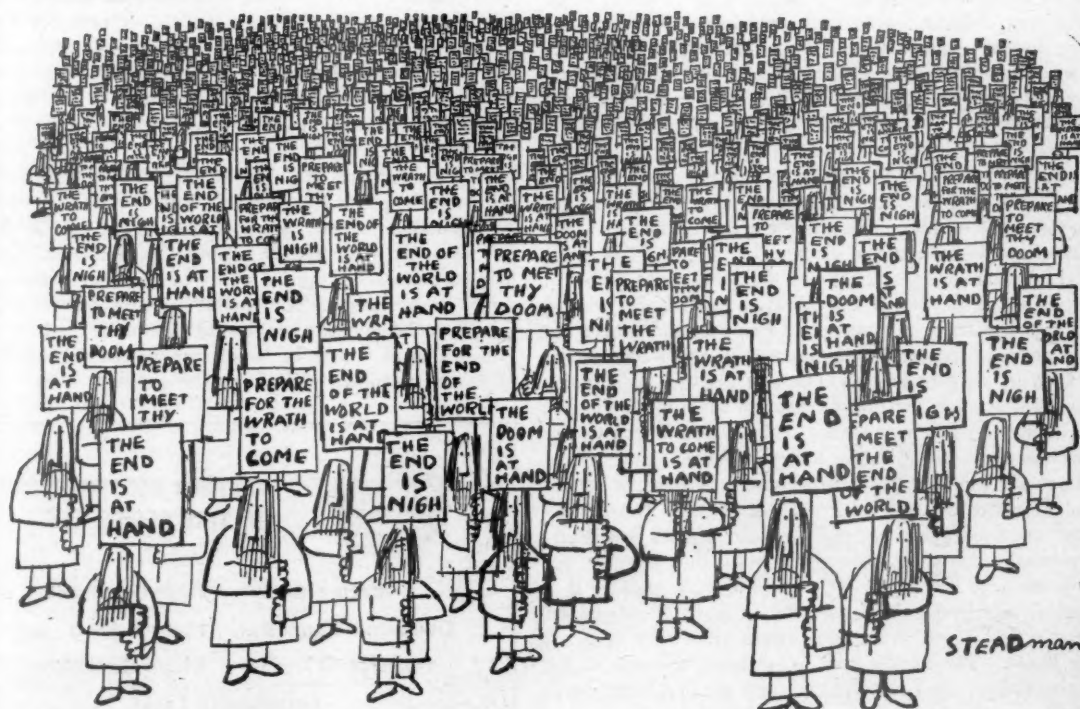
The answer is—and this is not reassuring but disquieting—the scientists don't honestly know. X-rays can be, and have been, used to induce sterility both in men and women. (Surgical methods are more reliable, but as a recent court case showed, not entirely so.) Gamma rays—the fiercer X-rays released from the nucleus—can also sterilise, but such rays are restricted to a range from the bomb itself. Many people in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, directly exposed, were rendered temporarily sterile. Some may have been affected permanently. One of the criteria seriously suggested for US airmen who might fly in nuclear aircraft, in which there is bound to be a leakage of gamma radiation, is that they should be confirmed bachelors or married men who had renounced the idea of having children!

There is one way of curtailing the epidemic of offspring—at least it has been demonstrated in insects. That is to expose enough males to gamma-irradiation and turn them loose in the community. The females (insects, anyway) cannot distinguish nuclear eunuchs, mate with them, and have no offspring. If the proportion of sterile males is sufficiently high, the population collapses. That worked commendably well in the case of a blight of eel-worms!

On the other hand there is a whole community of beagles in California which have been exposed to radioactivity in various forms and the females still produce puppies in about the same numbers as the non-irradiated.

But it is very dubious to try to transfer the experience with

The Crowded World





insects, or animals, to humans. The one thing that seems reasonably confirmed is that radioactivity from fallout will in some degree shorten life—reduce the life-span which is a factor in the population increase.

There is another way, of course, of reducing the population and that is by radiation-induced diseases. But here again there is a conflict of ignorance. There has unquestionably been an increase in leukemia—cancer of the blood—which afflicts even children. One form—myelogenous leukemia—is due to the damage to the bone-marrow, which is the “factory” for blood-cells, and this can be caused by radiation and could arise from radiostrontium. But statistically the present increase is higher in another form—lymphatic leukemia—which is not so induced.

The same uneasy debate goes on about the genetic effects. Some scientists are emphatic, one way or the other, others are honest enough to admit that they just do not know. That radiation induces mutations, changes in the hereditary traits passed on from one generation to the next, is not disputed. H. J. Muller, the Nobel Prizewinner, proved this over a quarter of a century ago and plant-breeders and others use this in normal practice. (One mutation in about 500 may be beneficial in plant-breeding. The rest produce plant monstrosities which can be thrown away. You cannot do that with humans.) But you cannot study radiation-genetics in humans as easily as you can in barley or banana-flies.

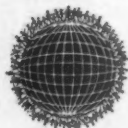
About six months after Hiroshima, a newspaper correspondent wrote derisively “I did not see any two-headed babies or five-legged calves.” Nature abhors monsters. They usually do not survive to be born, but, anyway, the Americans have had since 1945, and will have until 1970, a biological unit in Japan to see what in fact did happen on August 6 and 8, 16 years ago. Even then they will not really know. The bombs may have visited the sins of the Japanese fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth and fifth generations.

We are always being told that the amount of man-made radiation is so much less than natural radiation—from cosmic rays from outer space, from rocks, and even from natural elements within our bodies. They say it is so much less than X-rays, used medically, or luminous watches, etc.

On one thing all responsible scientists are agreed: that any increase beyond the natural radiation background is undesirable. Man has come to terms with natural radiation in the course of his evolution—indeed, it probably operated as a factor in that evolution. But no one—repeat no one—can predict what the effect on the mutation rate might be of an increase in man-made radiation. The “maximum permissible dosage” which biologists would accept as the ideal would be zero.

So we must not willingly consider radiation as a way of reducing the population problem either by nuclear war or by contamination of our environment. They are both non-selective. It might be *our* people who would be vaporised, gamma-irradiated, burned, blasted, fallout poisoned. It might be *our* progeny who would be curtailed. It might be the Terra del Fuegians who would inherit the earth.

Not that it would be much use to them because what applies to us applies to all living things.



FURTHER CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS SERIES BY:

Elspeth Huxley	Alan Gemmell
Desmond Donnelly	Mary Adams
Maurice O'Leary	Claud Cockburn
Marghanita Laski	

Personal Appearance

How I nearly signed for "What's My Line?"

By HENRY FAIRLIE

IT came as some surprise to me, leading the habitually sheltered life of a political writer as I have, when I received an invitation from Mr. P., the side-kick of Mr. Maurice Winnick, to join (should I pass the necessary tests) the panel of *What's My Line?* I was at the time—let's put it like that—in need of money. I agreed to meet Mr. P. at his office.

The office is listed in the telephone directory thus:

WINNICK, MAURICE, Orchestras . . . 18 George St., W.1.

I have not, during my life, pursued many of my activities in Mayfair, and as I searched for George Street, in a bitter wind, and then searched for No. 18, I wondered about "Orchestras." I knew that Mr. Winnick had begun his career as a band leader, but I had been under the impression that since then he had struck out into new fields. Still, "Orchestras" was what it said, and I began to think of myself in a midnight blue dinner jacket, sitting behind a music-stand with the monograph M.W. worked on it, and standing up in the spotlight when the moment came for me to blow my one line of the melody on my trumpet.

"I am sorry I am late," I said to Mr. P.

"Oh, that does not matter, my dear boy, we are always busy here. You see, the position is this, Mr. Fairlie. Since Gilbert died, we have been looking for an anchor man for *What's My Line?* and your name has been suggested to me, and we thought you might be interested. Are you interested, Mr. Fairlie?"

"Well, yes, but . . ."

"Good, Mr. Fairlie. I think it's better that I do the talking first, and then you can ask me any questions afterwards. You see, Mr. Fairlie, Mr. Winnick is proud of *What's My Line?* It maintains, I think you would agree, what I might rightly call a higher

intellectual or cultural standard than most panel games. We are proud of that, and we wish to keep it that way. Well, when Gilbert died, we had agents all over the country telephoning us to say that one of their clients was just the man to replace him. From all over the country, Mr. Fairlie. Yes, there would be no difficulty in replacing Gilbert just like that, except that we care for this programme, we want to maintain what, I think you would agree, are its high intellectual and, I might even say, cultural standards. You are getting my point, Mr. Fairlie . . .?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"I thought so. So we are being very careful, you see. The BBC, of course, has the right to veto any suggestion which we may make, but I think you can take it from me that Mr. Winnick chooses the panel for this game very carefully, and the BBC can usually be

counted on to take our advice. Well, look what we could do for you, Mr. Fairlie, if you came on this panel. You receive your fee for the actual programme in the ordinary way from the BBC. We do not touch that. But then there are the perks. The perks, I say, Mr. Fairlie. Perks are very important in this business, and we handle them. Of course, it depends on how quickly you become a personality. But usually nine or ten regular appearances on the programme are enough. From then on, you will be asked to make personal appearances, all over the country. You would arrange those through this office. That is our side of the arrangement. You are following me, Mr. Fairlie?"

"Yes, but still . . ."

"Oh no, Mr. Fairlie, don't get me wrong, when I talk about perks in this connection, I am not talking about chicken feed. Oh no, not chicken feed



"Bingo!"

at all. You see, look what Mr. Winnick and the programme have done for those who appear on it. They become personalities. They may open two or three shops a week at £200 a time. Dress shops and shoe shops, things like that. You get my point, Mr. Fairlie. There's a lot we could do for you. Not that I'm suggesting you would necessarily open shops. But there are other kinds of personal appearances."

"Yes, I see your point. But tell me, what sort of programme do you think *What's My Line?* is?"

"A very good question, if I may say so, Mr. Fairlie, a very good question. I'd answer it this way, and I think that Mr. Winnick would give you the same answer. We see it as a game, Mr. Fairlie. Just a game. But not just a game, because the people on the panel play it intelligently, and seriously. Yes, they play it seriously, Mr. Fairlie. That's the secret of the programme's success. A game, but played seriously."

"And what was Gilbert Harding's particular role, this position as anchor man, which you suggest that I might want to fill?"

"Another good question, Mr. Fairlie.

I must say you are asking one or two questions. Most people, mind you, just leap at this opportunity, and never ask any questions about the programme at all. That's not taking the thing seriously, now, is it? Well, I'll tell you what Gilbert's role was. At one end of the table we have a comic, then two pretty dolls, and then came Gilbert. He was the solid man of intelligence. It was intelligence which he stamped the programme with, Mr. Fairlie. That's what we've got to replace. We've got to find another heavyweight in that anchor position: I don't mean heavyweight in physical appearance. But heavyweight, you know what I mean?"

"Yes, but what was the exact kind of intelligence which Gilbert Harding contributed to the programme?"

"That, Mr. Fairlie, I think I can best answer like this. Suppose some one signed himself in as coming from Bury or Rochdale in Lancashire. You know where I mean? Well, Gilbert knew like a flash that Bury or Rochdale were cotton towns. He *knew*, Mr. Fairlie, he just *knew* like that. And from cotton towns, he made the easy step to cotton mills. That was the kind of intelligence he brought to the pro-

gramme. It's that which we've got to replace . . . somehow."

Mr. P. sighed as if the hope of finding such intelligence again anywhere in the length and breadth of Britain was an impossibility.

"Well, if you are interested in it, Mr. Fairlie, I'll get in touch with you again, and you can do a run-through for us. You wouldn't mind that, would you?"

As I left, I went out through an outer office. On the wall were the certificates of all the television programmes which Mr. Maurice Winnick incorporated as limited companies six or seven years ago. Mr. P. was on the telephone:

"I can't help it if she's ill. Rehearsals for the panto begin two weeks from to-day. If she can't promise to be at the first rehearsal, she'll have to throw in the part. Replace her? Of course, we can replace her. Look, you remember a little girl in the chorus in *Cinderella* last year: did a verse on her own. Lives with her mother in Streatham, I think. Valerie Something, her name was. Jeanette, name of that little girl who did the second verse of 'Prince of my Heart' in *Cinderella* last year? Valerie, yes. Timkins, that's right. You there, Harry. Valerie Timkins her name. Get hold of her. We start rehearsing two weeks from now. We'll just have to replace, I tell you."

Mr. P. rang off. "You see, Mr. Fairlie, replacing, all the time. That's our job, I suppose you might say. Finding replacements. You'll be hearing from me."



"Doesn't he want anything else in the other world?"

In next week's *Punch*

RICHARD USBORNE

recalls

PREP-SCHOOL DUMB CHUMS

★

MICHAEL FFOLKES

considers

THE KISS

★

LARRY

presents

MAN EXPECTING



Push Piston No. 6 for Birdsong

By E. S. TURNER

THE report that a £5000 organ from the Gaumont Cinema at Derby has been sold for £50 to a church at Nottingham may have caused a nervous rustling on the Bench of Bishops. There were cinema organs, as even bishops may remember, which could, and did, make the sound of everything from temple bells to tearing trousers. It will be asking a good deal of any prelate to bless an instrument of such capacities without giving him a chance to ensure that certain precautionary disconnections have been made.

For all one knows, there may be congregations which would welcome the idea of their organists playing themselves up out of the floor at a console apparently filled with illuminated Beaujolais. It is not, perhaps, the sort of thing that John Knox would have cared for, but vicars willing to admit skiffled hymns will hardly balk at this. Hitherto the church tradition has been to hide

the organist and display the organ, while the cinema tradition was to hide the organ and display the organist. Who shall say which is right?

It is apt that churches should buy cinema organs at knock-down prices, for in the 1920s cinemas were snapping up unwanted church organs. Many a promising church organist was snapped up too. Young Mr. Keen, that untidy fellow who played such a stimulating voluntary at All Saints, would vanish for a few weeks and then reappear, sleek as a mackerel, at the console of a stupendous engine in the Colosseum, playing *Bird of Love Divine* from memory and filling the high fretted vault with canary trills, if not dog barks.

This sort of thing did not happen without a certain amount of ill-feeling. There were old-fashioned members of the Incorporated Association of Organists who deplored the way in which cinema "showmen" abused the *vox humana* and the tremulants. A delegate

to the 1932 conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, lamenting the "frightful travesty of music" in cinemas, said that the exploitation of "the dithering stop" was debauching singers and especially school children who, thanks to this pernicious influence, could not, or would not, hold a note still for a second. In *The Times* readers said things like: "O for the steady tones of the singers of the past!" There were also purists who felt that, while electricity had a legitimate use in generating wind, it should not be used to operate the keys, thus destroying the personal touch.

The first cinema organs were installed during the days of silent films, their function being, not to give solo turns, but to provide accompaniments and effects. Occasionally, for light relief, a player might give "A Trip Through The Organ," offering tolling bells, bursting tyres, trains in tunnels and corpses falling downstairs. (Did organists

submit lists of effects they required to the organ manufacturers, or did the manufacturers anticipate their needs?) When talking pictures arrived the organ was too expensive to scrap, so was promoted to a "spot" of its own. Happily, thanks in great measure to Mr. Reginald Foort, who had been broadcasting from the New Gallery Cinema since 1926, there was already an organ-minded public. The 'thirties were proud days for firms like Wurlitzer, Christie and Compton (Wurlitzer had been making musical instruments for many generations at North Tonawanda, near Buffalo, and in 1930 boasted 4000 organs throughout the world).

The more "mighty" organs incorporated every orchestral and dance band instrument ever invented, not omitting the ophicleide, and also offered castanets, Chinese block and tom-toms. A guide to the console would list items like these:

- No. 4 Toe Piston controlling Siren.
- No. 5 Toe Piston controlling Boat Whistle.
- No. 6 Toe Piston controlling Birds.
- No. 7 Toe Piston controlling Fire Gong.
- No. 11 Toe Piston controlling Surf.
- No. 12 Toe Piston controlling Klaxon Horn.

Obviously, nimble footwork was required. To press No. 5 by mistake for No. 4 was not, perhaps, a grievous lapse, but to operate No. 7 instead of No. 6, or No. 12 instead of No. 11, was to invite the derision of an audience which might not have noticed an occasional false musical note.

There was a drum pedal which, if depressed half way, gave a thrilling snare drum roll; if pushed right down it operated a big bass drum and a crash cymbal as well. Another pedal, when depressed half way, manipulated certain stops; pushed the whole way, it threw in glockenspiel, sleigh bells and xylophone.

With the talking pictures in full career, providing their own hoof clatter, pistol shots and dull thuds, it seemed odd that organs were still being fitted with such a wide range of dramatic effects. Possibly the makers felt that the "talkies" were only a flash in the pan; possibly they were anxious that their skills should not be lost to humanity.

The best organs had tabs by means of which the player could change the colour of his console to blue, violet,



"I say to hell with everyone at Hepworth Industries, but that's only the drink talking you understand, Mr. Hepworth."

ACROSS THE BAR



"Sold the lot."



"It said pull, Mac."



mauve, carmine, red, orange, yellow, green, jade, turquoise, sky-blue or pearl. By means of a fader he could "hold" any colour he wished. There was a good deal of discussion about suiting the colour to the melody; a man with a good ear but a bad eye could ravage the sensibilities of his fans.

Among the more opulent engines was that installed at the Regal, Marble Arch, in 1930. When the organist sat down to play he had a formal garden

extending on each side of him, with balustrading, urns and real water, either spurting or cascading. "This wonderful organ," said an advertisement, "comprises thirty-two tonal units, the most complete range of percussions and effects, including a genuine thirty-two note carillon . . . The console is fitted with 450 stops, keys, pistons and controls. The organ also controls a full-size grand piano." This advertisement failed to mention that among the

effects was a much-coveted crockery smash. At the Granada, Walthamstow, there was a two-console organ; patrons who thought it the ultimate in magnificence never knew that there was a three-console organ in the old Royal Panopticon Hall in Leicester Square.

By 1933 a journal called *Cinema Organ Herald* had been launched and was giving away art portrait plates of leading organists. For a brief period there was a periodical catering exclusively for Scottish cinema organists and their fans, perhaps as specialised a publication as the day could show. The *élite* of organists were by now household names; they included Harold Ramsay, Quentin Maclean, Sydney Torch, Jesse Crawford, Reginald Dixon (Tower Ballroom, Blackpool), Reginald New, Frank Newman and Sandy Macpherson (BBC). Their discs, then known as records, sold in gratifying numbers and their lives were exposed to the public gaze (Mr. Foort had an aeroplane and a Bentley).

At the end of the 'thirties Mr. Ramsay and Mr. Foort were both touring the country with mobile organs. Mr. Ramsay's was on a trailer drawn by a 44 hp Rolls-Royce and Mr. Foort's was distributed over a string of vehicles. How, one wonders, would precedence have been established if the two cavalcades had met in a Devon lane?

Today we have a generation which has never heard an organ interlude in a cinema; the bird whistles have drained dry and the cock-crows are stopped with dust. Outside the cinema, organs have gone electronic, the sound being generated (one quotes, without comprehending) "by a series of polygonal discs rotating over coil-wound permanent magnets, producing alternating current at frequencies which correspond to the tempered scale"; which is a long jump from the pipes of Pan. In America, where there used to be a tendency to instal organs in caverns, there has been a post-war boom in domestic electronic organs. More recently, the hi-fi fraternity have discovered infinite virtue and subtlety in the old-fashioned pipe organ. Anything can happen now.

Meanwhile, what about a society for the preservation of old Wurlitzers? There are already two bodies (or anyway there were a few years ago) which gathered old fairground organs to their bosoms.

Round Ravioli's

ALAN HACKNEY takes his mental tape-recorder into the caff's

"WHAT I never go much on," said the central heating man, snipping the crusts from his sandwich, "is all this chat about who you can and can't shoot when they want to come in your fallout shelter."

"All right, Norman," agreed Jack, "I won't say a dicky-bird about it."

He had got as far as composing H PH RD PI on his peg-board, and was rummaging about among his plastic letters for E's and S's.

"Funny about these Yanks," remarked the coal-lorry man, puffing closely at the pyrotechnic end of a self-

rolled cigarette, "any idea like that comes up, they're all of 'em on to it like a dinner, straight away, no messin'."

"I get the needle, way they all go on," said the central heating man. "Always got to keep bang up'-the-minnit. Putcherself at the mercy of a whole loada mechanical lumber."

"Funny you of all people should say that," said the coal-lorry man, abandoning his cigarette at last, and delicately brushing smouldering crumbs of ash from his glittering, coal-saturated waistcoat. "You and your Mrs. Nineteen Semty."

"Don't give me that," cried the central heating man, "not on to the fuel war again! You sit there, looking like a firelighter, can't you give up pretending you're Mr. Nutty Slack and talk civilised? I tell you, if I was a Yank, you'd be locked out of my shelter, no bother."

"Any of you gents for Shepherds?" asked Jack diplomatically. "Not that I worry, on'y you gotcher strength to keep up."

The coal-lorry man waved this offer aside.

"All I said was," he reiterated firmly, "was, funny you should go on about the march of wossname, Science."

"No it isn't," said the central heating man. "I suffer. I mean, take you. Dump the stuff and that's your lot. Me, there's always sunnick to nobble you. Case of this old dear, all the way down in Cornwall. I goes, thermostat's up a gum-tree. Right, I work over the whole system—burner, blower, oil pressure, thermostat working all right, and every time I go in and out the house you've got to stick your feet in a basina water on account of foot and mouth in the neighbourhood."

"Check the lot, still no go. I'm just going to phone the office and she says, 'What about the quail house?' I said, 'Quail house?' 'Certainly,' she said, 'the quails've got their own thermostat, mustn't get cold.' And there's this quail house with them all 'uddled up, kipping, boiling 'ot it was."

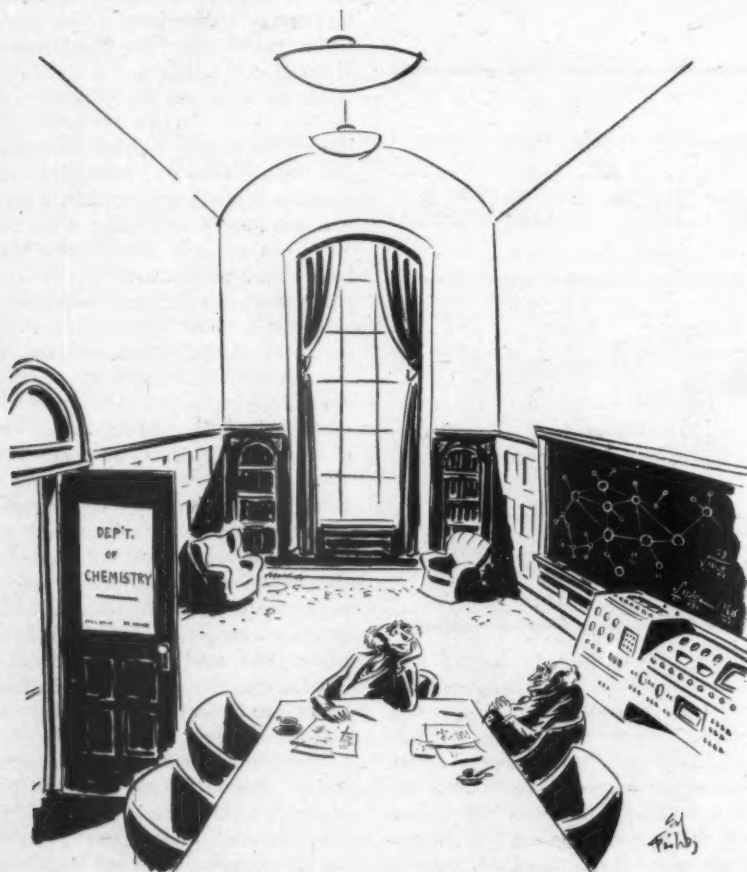
"Course, it's so 'ot all the time the thermostat switches the 'ole system orf automatically. Always the same—think you're laughin' with it all automatic for you, then you get quails."

The coal-lorry man chewed for some moments at the second pizza he had ordered and started on during this history.

"Breed 'em for the table, did she?" he asked, chewing speculatively.

"I never asked," said the central heating man. "Reset it, then come straight the way back."

"I still don't see why I can't come in your shelter, all the same," said



"Y'know what I miss, though?—that good old pouring stuff from one test tube into another."



"By the way, just what was it that we'd never had so good?"

the coal-lorry man. "I'd bring me dominoes."

"I wonder what become of all them Andersons?" asked the central heating man, "there was a full coupla dozen down our road to my *certain* knowledge."

"Then there was the Underground," said Jack.

"I *know* what they done with the Underground," said the central heating man, "they run trains on it. No, got to build your own these days, I spouse. Then if you got no gun licence, Perce 'ere'll come bargain' in with 'is radioactive dominoes."

"I dunno," observed Jack, "you say shelters give you the 'ump, and 'ere you are, talkin' like a conosser."

"Got to keep in touch," asserted the central heating man, without much conviction. "Not that it makes much odds, eh, Perce?"

"If they come for me to answer the call again, I've definitely left 'ome," announced the coal-lorry driver. "On'y more likely it'd be some Charlie knocking to say Four Minutes, Dig In. Tin 'elmet on, no doubt, like the way Stan Turnbull used to. Dead peculiar 'e used to look in it. Traffic Warden 'e is now, up Bloomsbury. Just love it, some people."

"I reckon Billy Butlin's missed out somewhere, you know," said the central heating man. "Fallout Camps, all underground and never 'ave to go orf the site for entertainment. You couldn't lose, way I see it."

"I daresay they got it all worked out," said Jack. "Plans in hand, and that. Come to think of it, I can't recollect an occasion in the last forty odd years when they 'adn't got plans in hand. Strange, that, you know."

"I can't wait to 'ear what plans they got for me," said the coal-lorry driver, without enthusiasm. "Any plans they 'ad for me in the past never done me any good."

"Depends on the megatons," said Jack. "That's the way they reckon it out nowadays. Very technical. Sometimes you don't know whether you've 'ad a shave or an 'aircut with some of this patter."

"Speak for yourself, mate," advised the central heating man. "Some of us manage to keep abreast. Don't you make no error about that. There's *me* keeps on the quivvy-vivvy, for one."

"P'raps you'll let me know when to ask for me cards, then," said the coal-lorry driver. "On'y, soon as anything starts dropping, I'm off to join the gippos."

"Good luck with your radioactive 'edge'ogs, then," said Jack, making an exit towards his own lunch in the back. "I'd rather nosh up on Shepherds. Carry on geiger-countin'."

"Fall out the officers!" the coalman called after him.

BLACK MARK . . .

. . . for the gossip columnists who while licking Society's boots cannot get its titles right. How often, for example, has poor Lady Barnett been called Lady Isobel by those whose *job*, dash it, is to know better? The journalist who can write things like "Ever since Leila Kerr-Hodgson holidayed with Michael Tripp-Smith's family I have been waiting breathlessly . . ." without screaming and asking for his cards is surely resourceful enough to keep a reference book which will tell him whether a lady gets her title from birth or from marriage? It is as if a soccer reporter thought his kind of football was the one with fifteen players, or the homecraft page told us to make pastry with fuller's earth. If we must have snobbery, can't we have it accurate?

£400,000 has been spent on the St. Stephen's Parliamentary Press, which will do all the Parliamentary printing. It is sad to read, however, that only 6000 copies of Hansard are to be produced for the Commons, plus 3000 of the weekly edition, and 3000 copies for the Lords, with 1000 for the weekly edition. If Hansard is to pay its way in this expensive establishment, something must be done about attracting the mass readership . . .

HANSARD

"The Parliamentary Report You Can Read"



MAC MOUSTACHE SHOCK

Hansardman Hears Speeches

By Slug Hamson

Mr. Gaitskell (Leeds, South): WHAM! BAM! BIFF!!

As balding, earnest, father-of-two Hugh Todd Naylor Gaitskell (55) slammed out his anger on the despatch box, I crouched in the dubious safety of the Press Gallery.

Below me, on the roaring benches, a scene of unparalleled ferocity was being wrought out in blood, and sweat, and tears.

AND WORDS!

And all because of a harmless joke!

MYSTERY

Mr. Brooke (Hampstead): I didn't mean . . . (uproar)

What didn't the mild, bejewelled Minister for Welsh Affairs (58) of 45 Redington Road, N.W.3 mean? Man-kind will never know. But it knows what he said. With my own ears I heard him say "Nobody would claim that the Prime Minister's moustache adds imbalance to his face." (He was drawing an analogy at the time of speaking.)

Suddenly the Parts of Flint (Re-afforestation) Bill was forgotten. All over the House members leapt to their feet booing and counterbooing, whistling and counterwhistling. Through the uproar I heard shouts of "Cult of Personality!" "Resign!"

The Postmaster-General, Mr. Bevens (Liverpool, Toxteth): I regret to inform the Hon. Members who have put down Questions 63 to 98 that I am unable to supply them with the postal address of the lady whose photograph I hold in my hand. (Laughter and leers).

"What about free wigs?" and other spine-chilling slogans. We in the Press Gallery glanced at each other and remembered the terrible all-night sittings of 1950.

It was through this tumult that gallant Hal Brooke tried to tell the world what he didn't mean.

MAGIC

Mr. Speaker: Order, Order.

Suddenly, as if by magic, the uproar stilled. The tumult and the shouting died. Silence.

And there was Hughie ("Fight-again") Gaitskell, the only man on his feet. *He had the floor, and he knew it.*

Like an athlete trained for this thing alone, he launched into a scathing indictment of a government ready to traffic in the happiness of Welshmen under the camouflage of a moustache. The most famous moustache in the world. Since Stalin died.

MAGNIFICENCE

Mr. Nabarro (Kidderminster): I dispute that!

Not even that angry cry from the
(cont. on page 12, col. 2)

THE GARBLES



On the Terrace

by colin members

AT HIS EASE

When I looked into the House yesterday at teatime I found Mr. Emrys Hughes lying on the Labour Front Bench below the gangway with his feet up. "I do it sometimes when I don't feel I'm in anybody's way," he told me across the Bar of the House.

Certainly he wasn't in anybody's way yesterday. There were twelve Hon. Members on the Opposition Benches and seven on the Government side.

Who was speaking? Mr. Harold Lever, the Hon. and learned Member for Cheetham.

What was he speaking about? I must, to use a well-worn phrase, have notice of that question. At any rate he had been doing it for two hours and sixteen minutes.

MISS JOAN VICKERS

It appears that I was wrong when I reported last Tuesday that Miss Joan Vickers, the charming Hon. Member for Devonport, was taking tea on the Terrace with Brigadier Terence Clarke, who represents the neighbouring constituency of Portsmouth West. Apparently Miss Vickers, who was, of course, educated at St. Monica's, Burgh Heath, had only paused at the Hon. and Gallant Member's table on her way into the House to ask him how to spell "Thornycroft."

My apologies to all concerned.

WRONGLY DELIVERED

Surprise guest at the dinner given by Colonel Jack Profumo in the Harcourt Room last night for members of the War Office was Miss Mervyn Pike, the beautiful and tal-

ented Assistant Postmaster (or should I say Postmistress?) General.

None of the other guests I spoke to could account for her presence at such a purely military gathering. Miss Pike, when I asked her afterwards, told me "Jack Profumo asked me to go, so I went." Colonel Profumo was rather more forthcoming. "We were one lady short at the last minute," he said, "and Miss Pike seemed the obvious person to ask."

Hon. Members are still asking why she should have been the obvious person. No one will be surprised if in the near future Miss Pike decides to exchange division bells for wedding bells.

Speeches In Brief

Mr. Macmillan, The Prime Minister (Bromley) . . . heavy responsibility . . . our American allies . . . Opposition record much worse.

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Chancellor of the Exchequer (Wirral): What they say I said I thought is not what I say I said I thought, I think.

Mr. Harold Watkinson, Minister of Defence (Woking): Will Hon. Members please synchronise their watches? The Blue Streak Missile is (pause) at this moment by no means obsolete but has a great future in satellite launching.

Mr. Gaitskell (Leeds, South) . . . our American allies . . . heavy responsibility . . . Government record appalling. . .

Mr. Nabarro (Kidderminster): Yah! Boo! Sucks!

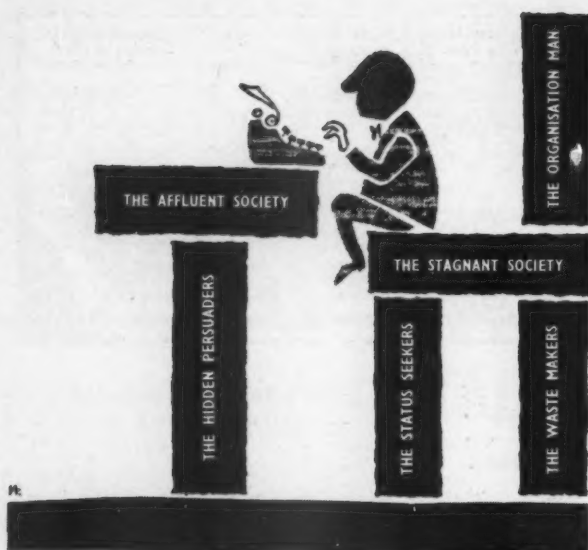
Advertiser's Announcement



**You
a Coming Man,
too?**

The PPS suggested the Old Man might like to have a chat with you, eh? Bright future! Avenues opening! Ministerial salary some day! Congratulations, and all that.

But don't forget that things can go wrong. Governments fall. A scapegoat may be needed. Reshuffles happen. Only the **Parliamentary Mutual Assurance Association** can guarantee you £1750 per annum at age 80. Ask your Whip for details.



THE CATEGORISED SOCIETY

H. F. ELLIS finds new social divisions that the status-seekers and waste-makers overlooked

4 The Crypto-Pedagogues

MAN is an island surrounded by great seas of ignorance, which he perpetually tries to mop up with a sponge.

This bold image will suffice to indicate the predicament of perhaps one-third of the British people. It is often forgotten, in the outcry about the inadequate rewards of the teaching profession, that the anti-social results are twofold: the shortage of teachers is balanced by a huge surplus of those who ought to be teaching but aren't. Some surplus is inevitable. Even if the schools were staffed to the limit, with classes reduced to twelve or even ten, the enormous numbers of citizens with an urge to pass on information could not possibly be channelled off into these professional reservoirs. But unquestionably it is the lowered status of teaching, coupled with the spread of knowledge ("Knowledge is useless unless it can be shown off"—Katz), that has released on society more frustrated instructors, or crypto-pedagogues, than it can comfortably absorb. There is now a real risk that the passive element, the knowledge seekers as opposed to the dishers out, will soon prove insufficient to carry out their rôle.

Crypto-pedagogues fall, with a certain amount of overlapping, into two main classes, within which we shall be able to distinguish some interesting sub-divisions. First, then, we note a basic distinction between

- (a) Group instructors, and
- (b) Those who are content to put individuals right.

Group instructors sub-divide readily into Lecturers and Correspondence Columnists (or, less technically, people who write letters to the newspapers). Katz differentiates a third, intermediate category of Eye-and-Ear Gatherers, that very numerous body of C-Ps who will not begin to speak until everybody within earshot is listening, but it is generally thought better to regard these as sub-Lecturers who lack the opportunity or the nerve to assemble regular audiences in halls. Their characteristics, attitudes and aims, though not always easy to pin down*, seem not to differ markedly from those of their more professional colleagues. Category (b), the individual instructors, are almost infinitely sub-divisible.

Out-and-out lecturing is naturally the most satisfying outlet for the relief of crypto-pedagogues' frustrations, since it is nearest in atmosphere and "feel" to actual teaching in class. "There they all are," as one lecturer frankly put it, "in rows. Pinned. You have them right under your eye, from a raised platform or dais unless the organiser is hopelessly incompetent; and though it is true that a lecturer cannot punish inattention, he should be able to compel it. A well-timed 'Can you hear me all right there—you people halfway down on the left by the stove?' will always check chattering or any tendency to slump." He used slides very rarely, he told me, owing to the difficulty of keeping proper control in the dark. "You've got to take them by the lapels, metaphorically speaking, and *pump* it into them. Nobody can do that if he has to spend half his time pointing out typical eastern water-carriers on the screen with a bamboo cane."

Not all lecturers share this attitude. Some took the line that people did not have to come, and if they didn't want to listen, or even look, that was up to them. But these are not true crypto-pedagogues. There is no sense of dedication about them. "Taj Mahalers" their colleagues call them—men who have somehow come by a set of colour transparencies and are prepared to convert them over and over again into guineas. They are as remote from pedagoguery in its true sense† as the men who announce the arrival and departure of trains at railway stations. We are concerned with the desire to give information, not the mere giving of it.

It has been argued that the readiness with which a roomful of people will assemble to listen to a lecture (even, on occasion, when money is taken at the door) proves that the danger of a serious shortage of instructees has been exaggerated. Unfortunately it does nothing of the sort. Of an audience of fifty-seven emerging from a village hall chosen at random, nine said they went in because they thought it was a film, fourteen didn't know what it was going to be but followed the

*Because of the universal reluctance of E-&-EGs to recognise, or at any rate admit, that they are anything of the kind. "Nobody likes to be interrupted" is as far as they will ordinarily go. Hence there is little accurate *inside* information about these pests.

†It had better be admitted that a pedagogue, strictly speaking, is one who oversees or instructs children, whereas the crypto-pedagogues described in this paper are mainly instructors of adults. But there must be a little give and take, even in sociology.

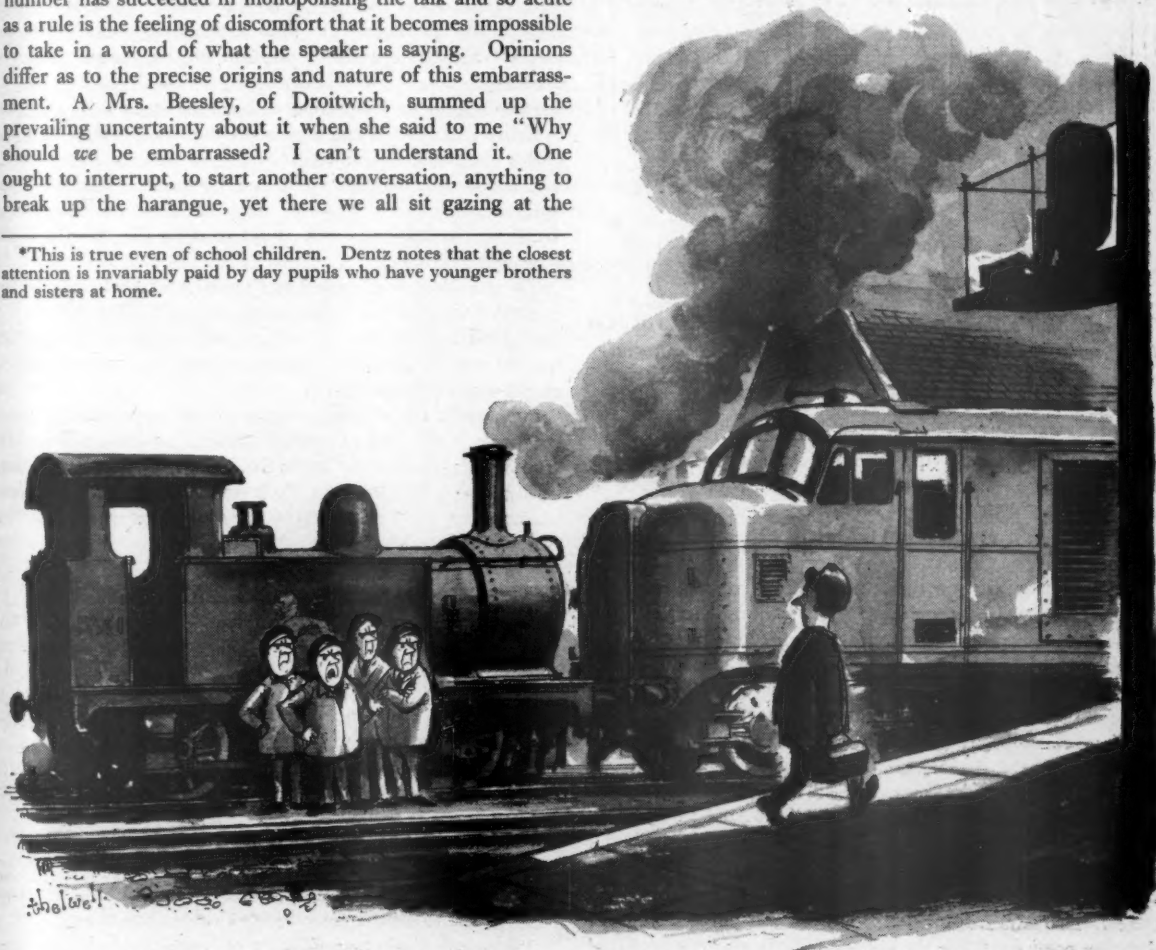
others, twelve said it was free and fairly warm, nineteen admitted that they had taken notes with a view to speaking on the same subject at Women's Institutes and other gatherings, and only three said they liked listening to lectures. On this showing, the crypto-pedagogues in the audience outnumbered the genuine listeners by 33 per cent to rather under 5½ per cent of the whole. Attention under instruction, as Wilbraham has pointed out, is no evidence of a wish to *learn**; in any audience it may be assumed that at least 25 per cent are listening because they want to pass on what they hear. Lecture halls may be regarded, in this sense, as a rich breeding-ground for C-Pos.

The same is not true of Eye-and-Ear Gatherers, partly no doubt because the information they give out is rarely of a kind that anyone can bring himself to pass on; there is a strong desire among the listeners never to hear such dull balderdash repeated, even by themselves. But there is a deeper and more significant reason than this. My informants from all walks of life agree that an extraordinary embarrassment settles on the company, whether at a dinner table, in a railway carriage, or in a street corner group, when one of their number has succeeded in monopolising the talk and so acute as a rule is the feeling of discomfort that it becomes impossible to take in a word of what the speaker is saying. Opinions differ as to the precise origins and nature of this embarrassment. A Mrs. Beesley, of Droitwich, summed up the prevailing uncertainty about it when she said to me "Why should *we* be embarrassed? I can't understand it. One ought to interrupt, to start another conversation, anything to break up the harangue, yet there we all sit gazing at the

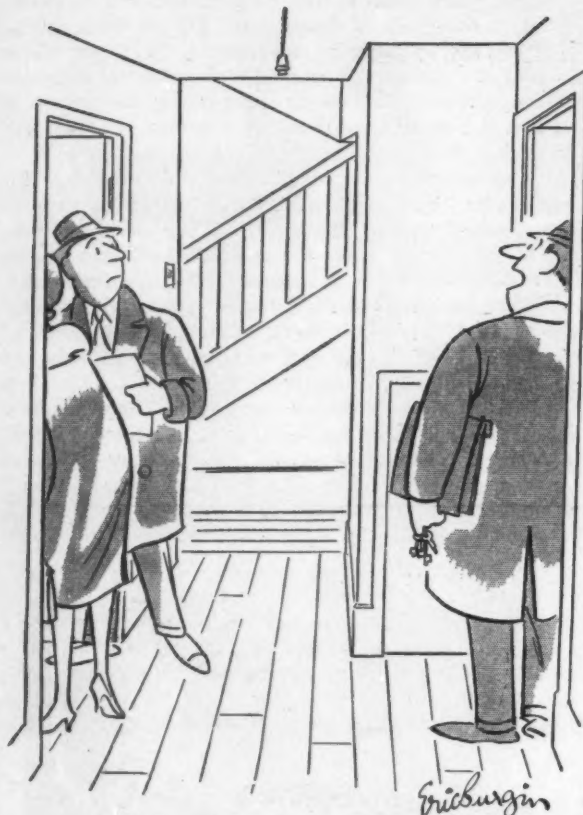
creature, almost afraid to light a cigarette for fear he should give us a side-glance of disapproval. Do you know, one of them actually *paused* in mid-sentence for about fifteen seconds at a dinner-party the other day, because a woman was munching a cheese biscuit rather noisily, and not one of us took the opportunity to restart a normal, civilised conversation. I mean, we seemed to be *hypnotised*!"

Hypnosis, of course, has nothing to do with it. The experienced "crypto" has the trick of putting his audience mentally back to school age again, and the old compulsions, felt subconsciously, produce a confused bafflement akin to embarrassment. His early attention-gathering manoeuvres—the raised voice, the "this will interest *you*, Mrs. Needham," the insistent "I was just saying to Lady Muriel, Edward," the throat clearings, the eyebrows raised at anybody still talking—all insensibly suggest the ringing of a school bell. The hush that falls as the last conversationalists surrender is indistinguishable from that which greets the entry of a form master. The illusion of compulsory attendance is now so complete that the sudden squeak of chalk on blackboard would hardly be remarked even in a railway compartment,

*This is true even of school children. Dentz notes that the closest attention is invariably paid by day pupils who have younger brothers and sisters at home.



"Settle an argument, Fred—shouldn't diesel give way to steam?"



"No, sir, that's the playroom or study or breakfast room—
this is the nursery or television room or fourth bedroom."

and it is as natural for a guest caught nibbling a cheese biscuit to feel guilty as it is for the crypto-pedagogue to resent such conduct in class. Society, the reader will now be prepared to learn, can be divided into crypto-pedagogues and crypto-pupils, though it would take fifty or sixty thousand words to do it properly.

We must press on, therefore. Sociologists are not normally deterred by the difficulty of making a startling disclosure out of what is generally known already, but I am bound to confess my inability to make much of a bombshell out of the discovery, after a close analysis of some two hundred and eighty thousand letters written to the Press, that most correspondence columnists are inspired by a desire to instruct others. With the excuse, then, that instruction through print is either not true pedagoguery or, if it is, would land us in an interminable discussion of "How to" handbooks and short cuts to Architecture in Sunday papers, I propose to leave the subject of Group Instructors and pass on at once to the wide and fascinating field of individual putters right.

The perfectly natural human weakness for passing on something you have just learnt to somebody else can probably be made to look most sinister and anti-social by a series of short, pregnant paragraphs:

Over four hundred lower middle-class wives in a Lancashire town said that their husbands insisted on reading out bits of the evening paper to them. When these same wives got hold of the paper and tried to read a bit out, their husbands said they had already read it.

A Hartlepool grocer, holidaymaking at Llandudno, was told twenty-six times in one day that the afternoon ebb tide would be the lowest of the year. Nine of his informants added explanations, which differed in each case.

A survey carried out in Newport, Mon., revealed that (a) 48 per cent of the married men there automatically interject "Zebra" whenever their wives say "Zebra" and (b) 15 per cent interject "Zebra" when their wives say "Zeebra." In Tunbridge Wells these percentages are almost exactly reversed. But as against this, the names of twelve Newport husbands appear in both (a) and (b) lists.

There is an increasing tendency among people who are given a chance to explain something to somebody, particularly in the under-thirty group, to add "All right?", "Is that clear?", "Got it?" and other distinctly pedagogic expressions at the end of their sentences. This may indicate that crypto-pedagoguery is coming out into the open.

Sociologist R. Clarence Bing reports that in Scotland the person about to hold forth often takes up a higher position *vis-à-vis* his or her victim (e.g. on the arm of a chair or leaning against the mantelpiece), thus reproducing as nearly as possible the "raised dais" position of the genuine school-master.

Promiscuous or "cross-class" teaching is on the up grade in many suburban areas, where house owners would as soon give a short talk on radioactivity to the meter reader as put, say, a son-in-law right about the Common Market. This traffic appears to be two-way, many middle-class housewives declaring that they are now afraid to open the door to well-informed milkmen.

TV is no longer regarded as a useful source of material by dedicated cryptos, since too many people will have seen the same programme. Sound radio, on the other hand, owes its faithful and considerable audience to the fact that millions of others won't be listening.

Such are a few of the more significant gleanings from my notebook. The overall picture leaves no doubt that the crypto-pedagogues, as individual no less than as group instructors, are spreading their tentacles more and more widely over the face of a country once renowned for its policy of *laissez savoir*.

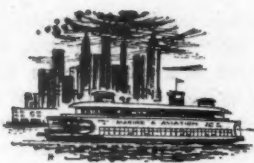
NEXT WEEK: THE WEIRD SISTERS

Autobiography

I LAY upon a sweet and mossy bank,
Considering the world's benign appearance,
And ate the fruits of idleness, and drank
The waters of the Brook No Interference.

Having blown several hundred perfect bubbles,
I left that place, sated with sheer contentment,
And sailed away across a sea of troubles
To anchor in the Harbour No Resentment.

— R. P. LISTER



Our Man in America

P. G. WODEHOUSE sees all, knows all

WELL, the Greenwich Village Poet Laureate Contest has come and gone and a Mr. Licker of 280 Broome Street was awarded the laurel wreath, possibly because he was the only contestant. "It is the most exciting civic community project in New York's history," we were told in the preliminary announcements, and we were promised the spectacle of "hundreds of poets" spouting in Washington Square like the Versailles fountains.

But your modern poet is cagy. Shakespeare described the poet's eye as glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, but in Greenwich Village you will generally find one corner of it glued on the weather and

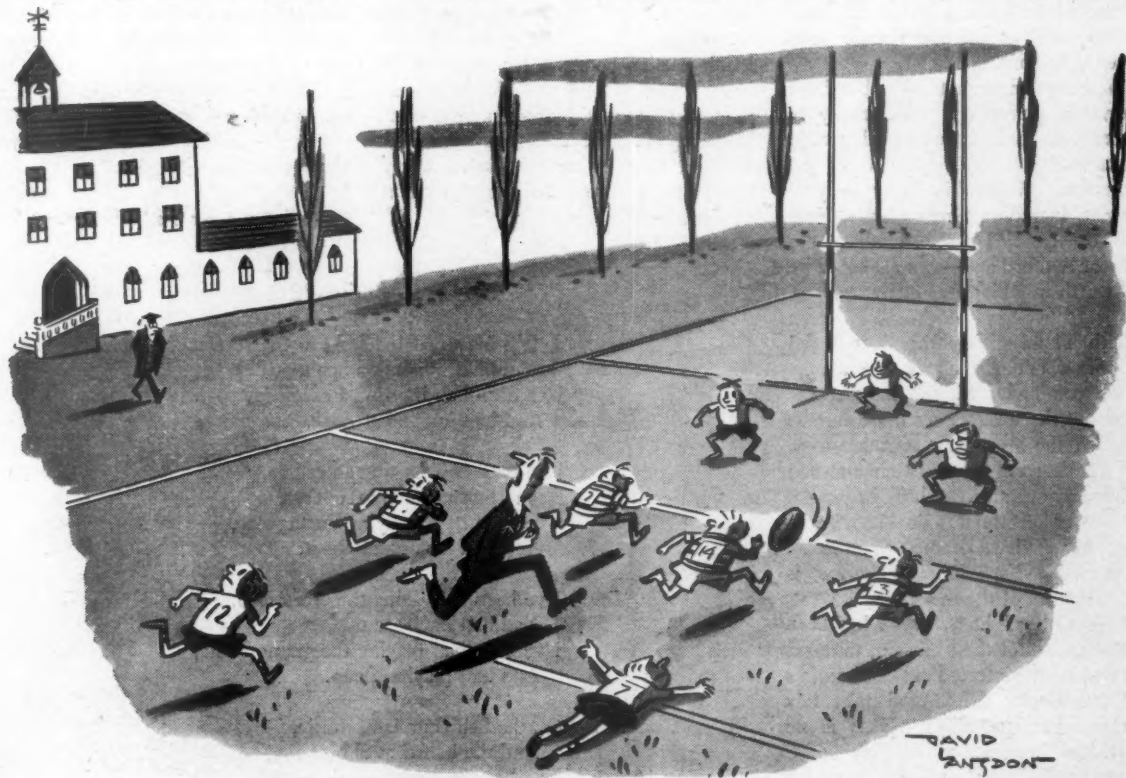
the police. The day was one of those cold, rainy days when the prudent bard feels that he is better indoors toasting his feet on the radiator, and the police down Washington Square way are as vigilant a body as any in the city. No Parks Department permit for the assembly had been granted, and the one thing those boys pride themselves on is their swiftness in breaking up gatherings for which there has been no Parks Department permit. Scarcely had Mr. Licker started to recite when uncouth city officials told him to move on, which he did.

Only the first line of his effort was audible. It consisted of the words "Water, water, water, water," which the officers, with the rain seeping down

the backs of their necks, must have thought rather tactless.

New York is passing through a bad time these days. As if it had not enough to contend with already—Greenwich Village poets, Tammany, litterbugs and what not—it is now being afflicted with a new dance called the Twist. It was the opinion of the late Father Mariana (born twelve hundred and something, educated privately and at Leipsic University. Verify this, Jeeves), that dancing was a deadly sin. He was particularly down on the Saraband, which he said did more harm than the Black Death. What he would have said of the Twist one scarcely likes to think.

This modern Saraband appears to have been designed for that numerous body of hoofers who have always felt that they would get along fine if they were not handicapped by a partner, for in the Twist the couples dance—to use the word loosely—apart, never touching. You just crouch forward, shake the shoulders, snap the fingers and swivel



"Quick, chaps, the Head! Switch back to Rugger!"



"... and there's no need to worry, dear. Your boss offered me your job!"

the hips some three feet in front of somebody of the opposite sex, who also crouches forward, shakes the shoulders, snaps the fingers and swivels the hips. This goes on till you both suddenly feel the whole thing is rather silly and you stop and go off and restore your tissues at the bar.

The symptoms seem to resemble those of cyanide poisoning, which many of a conservative turn of mind would recommend to the patients as an alternative. Meanwhile, everybody is doing it, including Greta Garbo, Noël Coward, Mrs. Horace Dodge, the Duke of Bedford and—which should be well worth watching—Elsa Maxwell.

With Thanksgiving Day just round the corner and Christmas due almost before you know where you are, the subject of the turkey once more thrusts itself on the American consciousness, and this year for the first time a strong anti-turkey sentiment has begun—if that is what sentiments do—to raise its head. Mr. Richard Starnes, a columnist on the *New York World-Telegram*, is the spearhead of the movement.

"The turkey," he writes, "a baseborn distant cousin of the pheasant, tastes as if it had been confectioned out of fibreglass and war-surplus dehydrated pizza mix (for external use only). This is no individual aberration on my part. Many people agree with me, but have remained silent due to fear of reprisals from fanatical turkey lovers."

Nor can the bird be easily carved. The articulation of the turkey, he points out, is all wrong and no two turkeys are ever assembled in the same way. One will have its lee drumstick attached to a system of wires and pulleys, another the trigger mechanism concealed beneath the wishbone. He goes on to cite the case of a friend of his, a neurosurgeon who could perform a prefrontal lobotomy in total darkness, who was reduced to tears of frustration when trying to remove the wing from a Christmas turkey.

There is much in what Mr. Starnes says, but with his suggestion of chili con carne as a substitute for turkey I cannot agree. I tasted it once in Los Angeles and it should, in my opinion, be confined to fire-swallowers in circuses.

And now a little story which may be new to some of you present here tonight. It seems that there was this gambler who devised a simple but ingenious scheme for separating a group of his acquaintances from their money. He had a notoriously illiterate friend named Rizzo, whom he taught with infinite pains to spell the words "anthropoid" and "rhinoceros," and having assembled the above-mentioned acquaintances he said:

"Do you know that that Rizzo simply pretends to be ignorant? He puts on a dumb front just for laughs. He has diplomas from two colleges."

The scepticism that greeted these words appeared to annoy him a good deal.

"Don't believe me, eh?" he said. "Then look. I'll bet you a thousand dollars he can spell words like . . . well, lemme see . . . yes, words like anthropoid and rhinoceros."

The bets were placed and Mr. Rizzo summoned.

"Spell 'anthropoid,'" commanded the sceptics.

"Sure," said Mr. Rizzo amiably. "R-h-i-n-o-c-e-r-o-s."

Semi-Detached

I'VE been half listening to *Grand Hotel*,
And half reading a book,
I've been half knitting a cardigan,
And half looking at *Look*.

I've been half writing an article,
And half watching the Test,
I've been half studying Portuguese,
And half looking at *Quest*.

I've been half doing the crossword,
And half having a nap,
I've been half playing the gramophone,
And half playing Snap.

Oh the half sounds of music,
And the half shapes between,
In a half light with a half heart
I have half heard and seen!

— VIRGINIA GRAHAM

Less Arsenic in the Nursery?

By KENNETH J. ROBINSON

WITH a bit of luck all traces of arsenic will be removed from British nurseries before Christmas. It depends how much publicity is given to the results of a one-year investigation into the dangers to be found in children's toys. These results, which will include warnings about paint containing arsenic or lead, will be published very soon in the form of a new British Standard, "Safety of Toys and Playthings." The investigating committee is made up of twelve people representing not only British toy manufacturers but organisations concerned with child welfare and accident prevention. Its work has been done as the result of an earlier, unofficial investigation conducted by the

Portsmouth Chamber of Commerce, which caused a lot of alarm with its three-year round-up of accidents brought about by the use and misuse of toys.

The contents of the new Standard will be much less hysterical in tone than the Portsmouth Chamber's horrors. In fact it seems that the new committee is bothered less by faults in toys than by the way children "devise unforeseen ways of using them." Its introductory remarks will include a warning to parents about the dangerous handling of toys by children too young for them. However, the committee's job was not to tell parents how to control their children, but to remind manufacturers and large-scale buyers of toys (such as

retailers and local authorities) that even British products sometimes have faults in construction. (Toy makers are too ready to blame foreign toys for accidents in the nursery). The committee's recommendations will not come as a surprise to parents who have really troubled to think about the things their children play with. It gives warnings about the use of inflammable materials, metal with sharp edges, brittle plastics that break easily in a jagged way, finger-jamming mechanism, inefficient electrical equipment and, of course, unhygienic stuffing in woolly toys. What *will* come as a surprise to anyone who has read the Portsmouth report is the inclusion among "harmless fillings" for babies' rattles of non-poisonous seeds, glass balls and plastic pellets. The Portsmouth report recommended fillings of sugar crystals (these are, in fact, mentioned in the British Standard), but it printed cautionary tales about seeds growing inside children who had swallowed them and plastic pellets



"But haven't you heard? It's only an earthquake."

remaining undetected by X-rays when they had been inhaled into the lungs.

Among the dangers not mentioned in the first draft of this new British Standard are several that most parents will have come across: easy-to-remove screws on cots, which even a one-year-old could loosen and swallow (while dismantling the whole thing); plastic toys with small parts that are merely jammed into place and can be slipped out and put in the mouth; removable dolls' eyes on sharp metal stalks, and missiles like small pellets or large arrows.

The Committee is hoping to insert a recommendation on dolls' eyes into its Standard either before it is published or as an addendum. But, as a representative of the British Standards Institution has said, "the Institution is not concerned with toys which are inevitably dangerous in use." It seems that, for the time being, parents who want to preserve their children's eyesight will have to keep a strict check on the toys that come into the home. In fact they must continue to be wary about *all* toys. The existence of a British Standard does not mean that its recommendations will be automatically followed. But at least the publicity that will accompany its publication will make many more parents aware of the two principal dangers in the use of toys—accidents caused by sharp cutting edges and those caused by objects that are harmful if swallowed.

Whatever became of . . .

. . . garters? Only yesterday indispensable stay of women, only yesterday our mothers were whipping up satin ribbon and finishing the whole thing off with dashing cockades. Then obsolescence. Frowned on by the medical profession, at best inefficient, these saucy cinctures nevertheless had glamour—overtones of Moulin Rouge and gallantry. Where did the last of the many vanish to? Out West to become croupiers' arm-bands? Into old beaux' trophy-rooms? Nudging wimples in Museums of Costume? Are there perhaps garterologists somewhere?

Honi soit . . . only here the melody lingers on.

— S. C.

In a Green Shade

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

I ENVY those leaders of thought who can keep on hammering away at a single point all the year round, never yielding an inch. I only wish I could be like that. Such steadfastness has a certain nobility. Can you imagine John Betjeman suddenly turning and advocating the demolition of St. Pancras Station, or Cyril Ray coming out strongly against wine? But look at me, bending to every wind that blows. It seems only a week ago* that I was applauding in these pages the use of radioactivity to trace leaks in heating systems; I little thought that I should find myself crossing the floor in so short a space of time and adopting an anti-Science position.

But I see from one of those columns headed "What's New in the Shops" or "Twenty Things No One Wants in the Home," or something, that a mere 49s. 6d. will now get us a new scientific device called a sprinkle-minder. We are urged to stick it in our plant-pots and study its dial periodically to see whether it's registering "wet," "moist," or "dry." This thing, once acquired and harnessed, could mean the final split-up in many households whose unity is already cracking under the malign influence of the pot-plant fixation.

Roll-calls of the nation's dogs are constantly being taken: the budgerigar population is frequently under review: even men, women and children get a look in with a Census every now and again. But pot-plants, as far as I can see, go unchecked in every sense. Many a husband, stepping over the latest clutch in the hall, and parting a new set of tendrils in order to reach his own armchair, shares with me the uneasy feeling that pot-plants are simply being allowed to take over.

The prudent man will have taken certain steps already. He will have begun, in stealthy stages, to reduce

flat surfaces all over the house wherever possible, by filling them up with sets of the classics, sheaves of documents marked Do Not Touch, old car batteries . . . anything that can stake out a claim before further reinforcements of fern, cactus, rubber plants and philodendron march in and pitch their tents. He will have set out half-forgotten holiday souvenirs from Casablanca all along the top of the eye-level bookshelves, established his tape-recorder on the coffee-table and his movie-projector on the

Prison Concert

By Tidy



"We would like to thank the Home Secretary for getting together such a wonderful bill."

*It was a week ago.

tea-trolley; even so, he has lost the wheeled cocktail cabinet for good, unless he cares to lift down the *Tradescantia* ("tolerant of neglect and makes a fine trailing plant"), *Crassula* ("large, succulent, spoon-shaped foliage") and a growing family of African violets every time he wants a gin, ranging them with simulated tenderness on the rug-box at the foot of the stairs to anxious cries of "What are you doing with my Mother-in-Laws' Tongue?"

or "For pity's sake, take your great foot off that new shoot."

It is the simulation of tenderness that tells in the end. Mounting exasperation at finding the sideboard freshly stacked with seconded vegetable dishes seeping granulated peat, or drawing a ringing note from beneath the spare bed by kicking a cut glass salad bowl full of loose bulk medium loam skulking under a newspaper, could be given relief if he could ostentatiously crash the

dishes on the sideboard together, or go back to the spare bed and give the bowl another kick . . . but such healthy releases and reducers of tension are not easily reconciled with happiness in the home. Every appearance of solicitude must be displayed at all times. The "May-I-move-the-cineraria, darling?" approach is imperative, as against the "What's-this-blasted-pot-doing-inside-the-bureau?" And his self-control is never more stringently tested than



"I assure you that apart from the Midland Bank job, we have never met before."



"All accounted for, chief."



"You were lousy—you left your dabs all over the place."



"You wouldn't think he'd been on the Stock Exchange."

THEN AS NOW

Come the 2060s, this subject will probably still be available to cartoonists.



A PLEDGED M.P.

M.P.'s Bride. "OH! WILLIAM DEAR—IF YOU ARE—A LIBERAL—DO BRING IN A BILL—NEXT SESSION—FOR THAT UNDERGROUND TUNNEL!"

August 7, 1869

when the little mother of all these frail waifs goes away for the week-end and leaves him in charge. Man or mouse? is what he asks himself as he peers through the encroaching undergrowth and realises that his dream of freedom—rows and rows of mud-pies on the compost heap—is within his grasp. But he plumps for mouse in the end. Has he not, after all, been given written instructions on three sheets of ruled-feint . . . what to water and when, how often to bathe fronds with milk, the need, in the event of rain, to rush the house's entire plant population out into the back yard (some seventeen journeys, remembering to duck with the rubber plant, now tall enough to bruise itself on the top of door frames) and *on no account forget to bring them in again?* A man who knows that his returning wife will rush to the bedside of an ailing cyclamen before she even notices that he's baggy-eyed from sitting up all night with it finds it pretty hard to take the masterful line. The discipline that sent men over the top under shell-fire was nothing to the discipline of domestic

submission. No husband is on record, so far, as having rushed wild-eyed into the drawing-room jungle waving a machete and crying, "It's the pot-plants or me. You can't have both."

So far, of course, he has been aware of one element of consolation. The pot-plant is, if I may so put it, mortal. It is sensitive to draughts, gas-fumes, air-borne particles, staling soil and other ills, happily too numerous to mention. But the greatest enemy of all has always been drought. Many a husband, observing his wife momentarily pre-occupied with language study, Women's Institute affairs or a chunky sweater to be knitted against some self-imposed deadline, has hoped in his heart that she might for once forget her daily round of soil-knuckling and pot-tapping, and that as a result he might wake up one morning and find the whole lot dead. It's been a forlorn hope, but it's been one. It has kept him alive.

But he reckoned without Science, without "What's New in the Shops", without, in short, the sprinkle-minder. Now, with the mere expenditure of a

slice out of the house-keeping money, every pot can flash its little signal. Stick the sprinkle-minder in and, as this disquieting report says, "its little red finger quivers round to 'wet,' 'moist,' or 'dry.'"

What's more, it's probably a dozen times more accurate than the old fuddy-duddy knuckling and pot-tapping methods—under which only an approximate assessment of drought was possible, leading to an all-round watering and the whole job done in a couple of hours. With the sprinkle-minder they'll all quiver their little red fingers at different times, and provided you and I, gentlemen, are weak enough to tour the house continuously, taking readings, we look like being in and out with the little plastic cans and the mopping-up cloth until the massed vegetation brings all things to an end.

Modern Magic

BE ALIVE to latest cosmetic discovery. Ask for beauty cream with mink oil, 2 gns.

— *The Times*

IN the dailies, in the Sundays,

We read the siren cry:

"Come buy our potted beauty,

Come buy, come buy:

Milk of avocados

Unctuous and sleek,

Cucumbers water-smooth

Yet astringent to the cheek,

Face-pack of caviar

Bland but pungent,

Sacs of royal jelly

Blended in an unguent,

Extract of the ocean

At thirty bob a time,

Pollen of the orchid,

Quintessence of lime . . ."

Moron or sophisticate,

Low brow or high,

We listen, willy-nilly,

To "Come buy, come buy!

Beauty's for the asking,

You only have to try:

Feel cherished, look bewitching—

Come buy, come buy!"

Though feeble my resistance

To the plain girl's dream,

A thing I can say No to

Is mink oil cream.

— KATHARINE DOWLING

Essence of Parliament

THE week started off with Mr. Kenneth Robinson quizzing Mr. Powell about what should be done to doctors who operated on the wrong patient by mistake. Apparently this curious blunder does sometimes happen. But if it happens sometimes in medicine it happens much more frequently in politics. For two days the debate on the Address dribbled on. On Monday the Socialists tried to censure the Government for its housing policy, which gave Dr. Hill the chance to make the first of his speeches of mist and mellow fruitfulness in his new capacity. Keats, one feels, would have approved even if the Socialists did not. The Socialists had indeed something to criticise, but they were not very clear what they were suggesting in place of the Government's inaction, and the best speech of the day came from Mr. Deedes, complaining that the real villain of the piece was the modern Englishman's mania for having his office in London. Mr. Deedes is the youngest of our elder statesmen and his speeches from the back bench are among the few that are really listened to. Meanwhile in the Lords, Lord Hailsham was taking a sly side swipe at the Prime Minister by confessing that he had never used the phrase "never had it so good" and did not like it, and Lord Massereene and Ferrard wanted a higher Bank rate for wine, women and song and a lower Bank rate for exports. Lord Morrison, looking round with avuncular pride on his old serfs, Lord Mills and Mr. Macmillan, found it wonderful what the boys were coming to.

On Tuesday Mr. Gaitskell got in his final cracks at the Prime Minister. How changed from the suave after-dinner speaker who was last week congratulating the mover and the seconder of the Address. The more the Liberals run ahead of Labour in by-elections, the more the Prime Minister gets under Mr. Gaitskell's skin. It—

strikes him,

The more he sees of him the less he likes him.

and the familiar gibes about complacency and hypocrisy were said as if he really meant them. Mr. Leslie Hale told a story

**Complacency,
Hypocrisy, etc.**

about three Macs which went on too long. Alas I never thought that I should live to complain that any story of Mr. Hale went on too long. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd is dropping into a trick of saying "My advisers tell me" a little too frequently. We all know that all Ministers are very frequently prompted by their civil servants and that no Minister is more frequently prompted than Mr. Lloyd, but it is a mistake to say so too often. Stuffed shirts should not talk about padding. Mr. Macleod made a curiously brusque début as Leader of the House. Everyone knew, he said, brushing the Queen's speech almost cynically away, that the legislative proposals in the Queen's speech were not very important. What would matter over the coming months

would be foreign affairs. It was not surprising, he disingenuously confessed, that very few Members bothered to sit in the Chamber to listen to debate on these legislative proposals. It would have been quite a good point had there not been even fewer who bothered to listen to the debate on foreign affairs.

There had been some questioning of the Prime Minister on Monday about the Queen's visit to Ghana. At that time he had nothing much to say except that Mr. Sandys was going back for a second investigation. By Wednesday Mr. Sandys was back from the bomb-rack of his bomber and was seated there by the Prime Minister's side, patting his knee. The Prime Minister, as everybody knows, announced that the visit was on but made no attempt to conceal his anxiety. Other Members agreed that, now the visit was on, there was nothing for it but to wish Her Majesty *bon voyage*. No one was prepared either to blame the Government for its decision or to sneer at the Prime Minister for his anxiety. Mr. Sandys, whatever else may be said of him, is at any rate a tough guy. Decanted from his bomber before lunch, there he was in the evening suavely and confidently recommending the Southern Rhodesian constitution to a Socialist opposition which for a time, under Sir Frank Soskice's leadership, seemed half inclined to filibuster over the business but in the end contented itself with recording an adverse vote. Before Southern Rhodesia there had been Tanganyika, about which everybody is agreed. There seem to-day only two things which it is almost blasphemous for any Englishman to question—that Jane Austen was a great novelist and that Mr. Julius Nyerere is a great statesman. All else is in debate. They alone are settled, and it was temerarious of Mr. Goodhart even to suggest that if Mr. Nyerere should make a mistake things would be in a pretty mess. But for the most part it was

**The Queen's
Tour**

one of the occasions when everybody was anxious to congratulate everybody else at a very unnecessary length. Some kind of contraption—something, I suppose, to do with the loudspeaker—seems to have been inserted in the Opposition Despatch Box, and every time that Mr. Griffith banged the box—which he does quite a lot—it emitted a curious twanging noise. This aroused quite a lot of interest and, though I do not think that anyone was so eccentric as to listen to what he was saying, a sizeable crowd was collected to see if "Jim will twang it again!"—not a full House of course but a considerably larger number than attended to see if we proposed to go to war over West Berlin.



THE PRIME MINISTER

The Lords' debate on Thursday on murder, introduced by Lord Stonham, did not get us very much further. Responding to Lord Longford's whimsical invitation that they give their personal experiences, their lordships did their best. But comparatively few Lords, it must be confessed, have either murdered or been murdered and they were therefore for the first part reduced to reading out statistics from the Government report—which is all very well in its way but not quite the same thing. It looked for a time as if the abolitionists were going to have a walkover as far as the speechifying went, but Lord Conesford gallantly jumped into the breach to make a game of it. The Lord Chancellor, as everyone knew that he would, rounded it over by saying that the Government was not going to touch the Homicide Act, for the time being at any rate. He did not go so far as to say why; perhaps he wasn't too sure about it himself.

— PERCY SOMERSET

Decimal Problems

THE move from the vulgar fractions of the British monetary system to the simplicity of decimal coinage is about to begin—and not a moment too soon. Since we are going into the Common Market it would be absurd to delay any longer the conversion from pounds, shillings and pence to a decimal system. Many countries which use sterling as the basis of their currency have already taken the plunge. In fact the old £.s.d. Club is now virtually confined to Britain, Australia and New Zealand, with Eire to prove, as it always manages to do, that it can combine the roles of being out of the Commonwealth with the closest possible association with and resemblance to the Mother Country.

The Government's decision to postpone the Weights and Measures Bill may indicate an even more ambitious conversion project—the gradual decimalisation not only of our currency but of pecks, pennyweights, ells, stones—and the whole bag of complex measurements with which we complicate our commercial life and burden our children's education. That, however, must be a protracted campaign.

For the moment the decimalisation of the coinage has priority. The com-



mittee which has been looking into this for some time must have taken note of the experience of South Africa. That country has this year gone decimal on the basis of a new unit, the Rand, which is divided into 10 shillings—and each shilling into ten cents. Two Rands make one pound. Thus no de- or up-valuation was involved.

The most serious aspect of the decimalisation in South Africa has been the cost of converting the country's book-keeping and calculating apparatus to the new system. The cost of replacing or adjusting machines borne by the Government is estimated at over £7 million.

In Britain it will be many times that figure. This, however, is not an argument for going slow, but rather for hastening. Every day some process which used to be done by hand is being mechanised. Every week that passes without a decision to go ahead will involve some increase in the cost of converting this machinery to the new decimal notation.

Already it will amount to many tens of millions of pounds and whether borne wholly by the Government, or largely subsidised by it, will bring a tremendous rush of new business to firms which make these machines.

Some of them are foreign controlled and of no direct interest to British investors. National Cash Register is among them; so is Burroughs, while the Italian firm, Olivetti, should be profitably involved in the change-over. It will also bring additional work to Ferranti, whose shares, alas, the Stock Exchange does not know yet.

Of the companies in which the investor is interested, three can be cited as likely beneficiaries of the move to decimalisation. One of them is International Computers and Tabulators, for whose shares there has recently been some good and very persistent buying. Another is De La

FEET

by Steadman

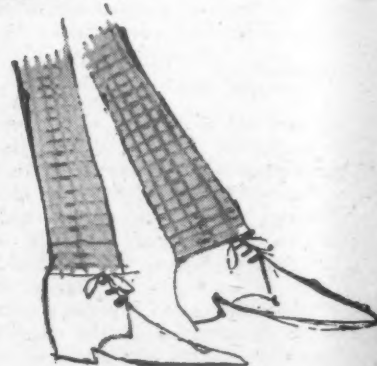


"I'm just waiting for a friend, officer."



"Did you hear about Mrs. Perkins and the window cleaner?"

"I say, steady!"



Rue, whose computer division (linked with the French firm, appropriately named Bull) should be in the thick of the conversion fray.

Finally there is W. T. Avery & Co., whose name meets one wherever there are weighing and price-calculating machines. They will do well, anyhow; but if ever pound weights make way for kilos, they will make a killing.

— LOMBARD LANE



For 30-year-old Platers

TWENTY-FOUR years ago I bought an Arab mare. I have ridden her practically every day round the farm

and have bred half a dozen foals from her. She was rising six when I bought her. This spring I noticed that she had not wintered very well and I got my vet to examine her.

The vet took one glance at the mare. "Wouldn't it be better to put the old lady down?" he asked, peering closely into her mouth. "She must be quite an age."

"Thirty," I told him, working it out for the first time.

"That's what I mean," he said. "She's had her useful life. Her teeth are simply too worn for her to graze or chew the hay up properly."

"Is there anything else wrong with her?" I asked, "for I would much prefer to see several of my relatives put down than have this particular mare despatched."

My vet then gave her a thorough examination. "Her heart's strong enough," he said. "There's absolutely nothing wrong with her but her teeth. She's worn them out; you will have to have her put down. I'll tell the knackers to come out and fetch her."

I followed him sadly to the car. "Wait," he said, as he got in. My hopes rose, needlessly. "I've got another idea, it will save you a few bob. I'll tell the hunt people that she's

available and they will come and collect her for nothing to feed to the hounds."

After the vet had driven away, I went to the stable and picked up a bridle to give the mare her last ride. It was as much as I could do to hold her in a gallop; then I came in and turned her loose for her last graze.

That afternoon I was having tea with my mother, of whom I am also very fond—she's over 70. She passed me some cucumber sandwiches.

"When did your teeth wear out, mother?" I asked abstractedly.

"When I was about 40," she admitted.

"Nobody put you down, then?" I said, and went to the telephone and asked the vet to call again that evening.

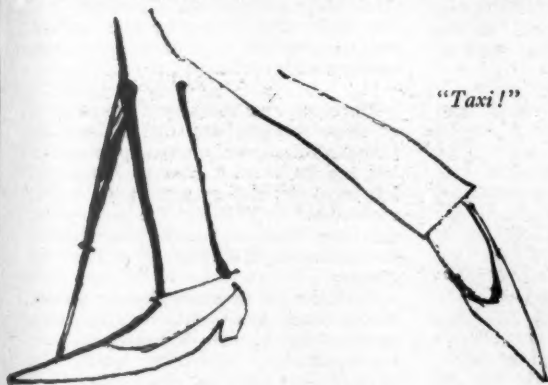
"Why isn't it possible to give horses dentures?" I asked the vet.

"I suppose nobody's felt strongly enough about keeping their horses alive before," he replied. "There's no technical reason. I'll just have to bring out some stuff and make a cast. It will cost you quite a bit, though. You won't get this on the National Health."

"And you think she'd go on all right with dentures?"

"With a heart like that she might live to sixty years," he said.

— RONALD DUNCAN

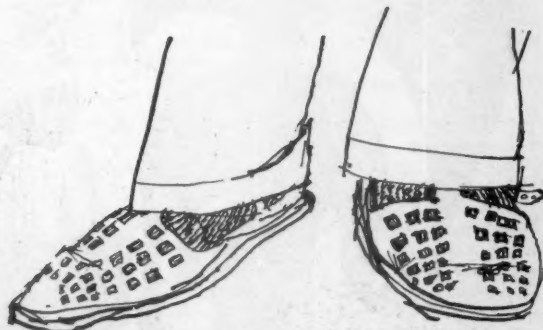


"Taxi!"

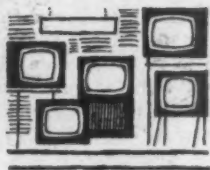


"Cottage Pie and Peas for two? Right, sir."

"I think there is a man following me, constable."



"I find it's marvellous for woollies and is very kind to the hands."



CRITICISM

AT THE PLAY

The Oresteia (OLD VIC)

The Long Sunset (MERMAID)

IT is healthy to be reminded that when we were still skipping about in woad the Greeks were holding festivals of drama. Aeschylus won the prize at Athens nearly 2,500 years ago with his trilogy *The Oresteia*, and it remains an imperishable essay on the use of power. We can be grateful to Frank Hauser and his Oxford company for bringing their production, by Minos Volanakis, to the Old Vic for a fortnight.

Like all Greek plays this raises hardships for an English audience unused to a chorus. The family in question was a pretty rum lot. When Agamemnon went off to lay siege to Troy, he sacrificed one of his daughters to ensure a good following wind (imagine the scene transferred to Cowes). This incensed Clytemnestra, his wife, and she took his cousin Aegisthos as her lover. Aegisthos had a score to pay off, his father having been invited to a feast

at which he ate a *ragoût* of his own children. We cannot at this date be expected to be greatly upset by the deaths of any of these persons. The ritual intoning of the chorus, sometimes not far from the wailing of banshees, is something we have to get used to; and there is always the awkward impression that the Greeks, like some of our modern sects, hesitated to blow their noses without first seeking divine permission.

Formidable as these difficulties are, it is surprising how quickly they fall into place, so that for nearly four hours we are gripped by the fascination, not so much of the characters as of the powers they represent, and by the compelling majesty of the verse. Mr. Volanakis uses sombre settings by Yolanda Sonnabend, against which he deploys the chorus magnificently; the music, composed by Elisabeth Lutyens, is eerily remote.

In the first play Agamemnon returns to his palace after the fall of Troy, and is murdered by Clytemnestra. In the second his son Orestes comes back in

disguise from exile, and after his courage has been stiffened by his sister Electra with libations on their father's grave, he kills Aegisthos and then his mother. And finally we see him before the court of Athene, where he is absolved from guilt after a case hard fought by the Eumenides for the prosecution and Apollo for the defence. It cannot be helped that Athene seems a sister of the Fairy Queen, and that her utterances have rather a pantomime quality. The translation is on the whole excellent, and is by Mr. Volanakis himself and Edith Hamilton.

Catherine Lacey makes a brave shot at Clytemnestra but her voice is too light for the full matriarchal thunders, which need a Thorndike or a Marie Bell. Yvonne Mitchell's voice is again a limiting factor, but within her compass she gives Electra a deep range of feeling. Ronald Lewis doubles effectively the parts of Agamemnon and Orestes, Joss Ackland is a suave Aegisthos and Ruth Meyers a witchlike Cassandra.

Not for the first time the Oxford company tackles a difficult play and emerges with credit.

Have you ever considered the position of those Romans who had made their home in Britain for generations when the last legions scuttled back to Rome and left them defenceless against the Saxon marauders? This is the interesting problem explored with considerable imagination by R. C. Sherriff in *The Long Sunset*.

He takes the case of a Roman, Julian, whose family has been settled for three hundred years. He has been a wine merchant in Canterbury until, the reverses in Gaul and Spain interfering with imports, he has moved to a large farm on the South Downs, where he lives in a comfortable villa with his wife and grown-up children. He is out of touch with Rome, and the evacuation takes him by surprise. With his Roman neighbours he persuades Arthur, the British leader, to come and train their slaves in defence. Together they repulse a Saxon raid, but afterwards Arthur has to move back to Winchester, and left on its own Julian's force dwindles until at the end he and his wife, quite alone, are starting out on a hazardous trek to rejoin their children at Winchester.

With its close association with the



YVONNE MITCHELL as Electra in *The Oresteia*.

refugee stories we know so well the play has an immediate response in our imagination. Naturally Mr. Sherriff has written it in modern idiom. Julian is a highly civilised person and but for his clothes might be a liberal-minded colonel. The chief surprise is Arthur, a tough native leader of great power, "not quite a gentleman" as the Roman blimps whisper to one another, who comes as a welcome relief after Tennyson's impossibly immaculate knight. The dialogue is patchy; some of it is pedestrian, but some is fine, particularly Julian's description to Arthur of the real glories of Rome. The action is slowed up by too much family sentiment; but all the same I was interested in this play from the beginning to end.

Bernard Miles' production is admirable, and Joseph O'Connor's performance as Julian first-rate. Peter Prowse is a shaggily impressive Arthur, and Edward Underdown as the last Roman officer to leave Britain conveys a vivid impression of the horror felt at the collapse of the Empire. Josephine Wilson makes a sensible wife for Julian and Jerry Verno and Kenneth Edwards are two round old Roman characters. —ERIC KEOWN



PAUL NEWMAN as Ram Bowen in *Paris Blues*.

AT THE PICTURES

Paris Blues
Bachelor in Paradise

FROM the director of *A Man in Ten Feet Tall*, *No Down Payment* and *The Long, Hot Summer* comes another well-made, intelligent, small-scale picture infinitely more worth while than any multi-million-dollar five-years-in-the-making colour spectacular: *Paris Blues* (Director: Martin Ritt).

Part of its strength is in its scene. Most of it was quite obviously made on location in everyday Paris, and the feeling of the city in autumn comes over strongly. The story concerns jazz players in a Left Bank night-club, two American ones in particular, Ram (Paul Newman) and Eddie (Sidney Poitier), and their fairly brief involvement with two holiday-making American girls, Lillian (Joanne Woodward) and Connie (Diahann Carroll). About the essential theme there is nothing fresh: it's the old love-v.-career situation, worked out differently for each pair; but the interest of the detail and the skill and perception with which the whole thing is done make it a pleasure to see.

For Eddie the Negro and Connie the Negro girl things turn out more or less happily: for them, the film ends on a note of hope. He is happy in Paris, where he is regarded simply as a musician, not as a Negro musician; she argues that he ought to go back to the US with her and get into the fight for the freedom of their race, which (after lamenting his luck at having to fall in love with "one of the socially-conscious chicks") he at last agrees to do. But Ram quite simply doesn't want to get married or

really "involved" at all: "I live music... everything else is just icing on the cake"; and when it comes to a choice, he chooses to let Lillian go without him. They have had an idyllic twelve days and for her the parting is painful; Miss Woodward makes the little scene at the Gare St. Lazare remarkably moving.

I seem to be in a minority about this picture, but I insist that it has excellent qualities. One I have mentioned—the scene, and the use of the scene: notably, the long episode in which we follow each couple as they wander about Paris. This is a beautiful example of balance, fresh (and often amusing) pictorial and atmospheric detail against two separate but cunningly interwoven emotional situations. There is hardly any background music, though music played by Ram's band in the club is admirably used (brilliantly worked-up little scene when a visiting celebrity played by Louis Armstrong comes and joins in with his trumpet). But in many scenes, silence and simple ordinary sounds are allowed to make their effect. It's an unassumingly good film, worth anybody's while.

I quite enjoyed the Bob Hope picture *Bachelor in Paradise* (Director: Jack Taylor); I think some writers have been far too hard on it, either taking it too seriously or objecting to the fact of its having few quotable cracks of the usual Bob Hope kind. In fact it's a good light comedy, edging here and there towards the exaggeration of farce, with some unexpectedly literate dialogue as well as some extremely funny moments of near-slapstick. Almost the only regrettable thing about it is a sentimentally contrived ending.

The bachelor, Bob Hope, is what the synopsis (laboriously avoiding the word "sociologist") calls a "famous novelist of living habits and environments of peoples all over the world," and the story has him studying an American community instead of a foreign one, to pay off a tax debt because of which he isn't allowed to leave the country. He goes to live, under an alias (it is quite convincingly explained why there have never been any publicity photographs of him), in a sort of "new town" called Paradise Village in California. Some of the laughs come from straightforward satirical comment, as we hear his voice speaking into a tape-recorder while we watch pictures of what he is describing, but there is plenty of direct comic action too. In one excellently-managed scene he puts too much soap powder into a washing-machine, goes into the other room for a long and progressively more tender duologue with the woman secretary (Lana Turner) who lent him the house, is interrupted by foam creeping in from the overflowing kitchen, calls the fire-brigade, and very reasonably observes to one indignant fireman "Well, if I hollered 'Soap!' who'd come?"

He gives lectures to the wives of the community about the way to keep a husband's affection, and these have unfortunate results; predictably, but none the less amusingly, because the little episodes are so well done. Only that ending, which calls for him to make an absurd speech from the witness-box about the nobility and sterling worth of all the people he and we have hitherto been laughing at, is so out of character and out of key as to be irritating. But it doesn't spoil the rest of the picture.

—RICHARD MALLETT

AT THE GALLERY

Sir Thomas Lawrence (ROYAL ACADEMY, DIPLOMA GALLERY)

Sir Jacob Epstein (TATE GALLERY)

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE (1769-1830) was a great professional and admired by the astringent Degas, who belonged to a later and very different epoch—he made a copy of a Lawrence. Sir Thomas sometimes overdid the tear-drops in the eyes of his ladies and even gentlemen—see “Charles James Fox, MP” (No. 30); but he was also able to paint the lily in no uncertain way, in the form of pictures of lovely women and young people. How well he handled whites in dresses! Do not miss the drawing on canvas, difficult to see, of “Mrs. Stratton” (No. 83). That he had a fine eye for the landscape is exemplified in the background of his very happy “Miss Emily de Visme” (No. 33), and in the only two known pure landscapes of his which flank this picture. The exhibition closes on December 31.

The Epstein exhibition at the Tate contains 80 sculptures and a number of drawings and sketches. Among them is Epstein's early dehumanised “Rock-Drill”—his nearest approach to abstraction. The real Epstein lay elsewhere; he was attracted to the human being. He had a great feeling for the body and for certain types of persons, some exotic and some highly intellectual. His fine rhythmic draughtsmanship gave him the power to express himself in the medium of sculpture in a masterly fashion. Of the single figures in this show, that of “Isobel” (No. 38), a half length of a standing girl with bare breasts, is one of his very finest works, and so is the “New-born Baby.” Of his large monumental pieces “Jacob wrestling with the Angel” is beautifully shown, and there is present a plaster cast of his most successful Cavendish Square Madonna and Child—best seen *in situ*. Epstein (with Augustus John) restored dignity, vitality, and candour to portraiture at a time when these qualities were at a discount.

—ADRIAN DAINTRY

ON THE AIR

Brains and Lucky Dips

AFTER *Top of the Form* (easily the most exciting of radio quiz sessions, and why, will somebody tell me, cannot these youngsters be seen as well as heard?) I suppose the BBC's *Pit Your Wits* must be considered pretty IQ, if you know what I mean. It has the merit of being straightforward, pacy and scrupulously honest, though the odd viewer here and there may be beguiled into inattentiveness by the undoubted charms of Gwynneth Tighe and Kenneth Kendall. It is sensibly produced (by John Irwin) at a time when parents and children can combine forces, and marks. And if your wit-pitting isn't all that good,

well you are never a complete nit: Mr. Kendall tells you that even if you get next to no marks you're still “about average.” You can't lose.

What has happened to *The Brains Trust*? Is it on the way out? It has been knocked about of late, shunted from Sunday afternoon to odd and irregular hours in the late evening, and now mysteriously has been suspended. I have an uneasy feeling that the ratings mob may be closing in on it, and as an old alumnus of the programme I am worried. *The Brains Trust* upsets many viewers because it is brainy, because most of the opinions expressed are progressive and heterodox, and this in spite of determined efforts by the programme's planners to find spokesmen for conformism and orthodoxy. The real difficulty with this arrangement is that the defenders are invariably outgunned by the attackers. Defence, even in depth and from a position of strength, tends to be dull: attack, however foolish, is animated, dashing, disturbing. And the world being in the sorry mess it is the zeal of the reformer is inevitably more appealing than the revealed complacency or reactionary fervour of supporters of the *status quo*. I have no doubt that a majority of viewers considers the Brains Trusters vaguely leftish and agnostic, but it so happens that eloquent intellectuals of such persuasion are inclined to outnumber those of the opposite school. But does this matter? In almost every other programme the *mise en scène*, the atmosphere and the approach are all strongly conformist and traditional. Television drama, domestic serials, features, quizzes, parlour games and so on all accept the current social and political order and pin upon it the badge of respectability. Even when it is most outspokenly radical *The Brains Trust* is a mere tick on a rhino's hide.



“Why can't we get married—you're a captain, aren't you?”

In nostalgic mood viewers can turn with delight to ITV's late Saturday film series called *The Roaring Twenties*, produced by Warner Brothers. The period flavour is recaptured very cunningly, even to the triteness of plot and characterisation. As I remember them the films of the 'twenties dealt almost exclusively with life backstage, with broken-hearted clowns, fading matinée idols, unscrupulous show girls and soft-hearted gentlemen of the press. Well, they are all here again, along with the Charleston, the “Model T,” speak-easies, bobs, bingles and shingles. If you fancy a mild lump in the throat at bedtime this is the very thing.

A final word about amateur boxing. For some time the attempts of Harry Carpenter and others to retain an interest in this sport with their newsgossipy chatter about the private lives of the contestants had more or less failed. I just didn't want to know that the welter-weight from Peebles had three children, a job with Glasgow Corporation and keen interests in raffia, coarse fishing and darts. So I tended to switch off. But the other week all was forgiven in the extraordinary match between Great Britain and the USA. Such excitement! Good old Harry! We won 10-0, and that, I suppose, made all the difference. However, full marks to all concerned, including the boxers.

—BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

PUNCH EXHIBITIONS

“Punch in the Theatre” is at the Little Theatre, Bristol, for one month. “Covering Punch,” a collection of original front covers, is at the Art Gallery and Museum, Keighley, until November 18.

Booking Office



GENTLEMEN, "THE QUEEN"

By ALISON ADBURGHAM

The Frontiers of Privilege. Quentin Crewe. Collins, 55/-

A HUNDRED years ago, Samuel Beeton, husband of the Mrs. Beeton and founder of *The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, launched *The Queen*. Described as a Ladies' Newspaper and Court Chronicle, it was intended for those in society and those who would like to be. For many years, Queen Victoria insisted on passing the Court information, and she and the princesses contributed occasional sketches.

This centenary volume has the subtitle "A century of social conflict as reflected in *The Queen*"; and it aims to show how the magazine has always defended upper-class prerogatives, first against the rise of the New Rich, then of the proletariat. The present owner and Editor-in-Chief, Jocelyn Stevens, says in his foreword that the book does not set out to be a social history or to evaluate the part played by the upper classes in the past hundred years: "Its interest lies in the fact that the attitudes portrayed are completely prejudiced, utterly insufferable, entirely arrogant, totally self-interested, shameless, and essentially British."

This modest claim is magnificently justified. The book gives a splendidly unbalanced view of the past hundred years. It is charmingly produced with a fine prodigality of pictures; and the text by Quentin Crewe is illuminated with shining examples of unashamed snobbery. Much advice is given on social etiquette and many warnings about servants: "No practice is so fraught with danger as that which is called the Sunday evening out. Unless the girl is positively known to spend the time in the company of respectable friends, the privilege ought never to be granted. Make such arrangements as will allow her to go to Church in the morning or afternoon, but not in the evening, especially in short days." Much later: "The upper classes merely lose their tempers after a Puritan

Sunday, and the ones amongst them who think for themselves become unsettled in their allegiance to Christianity. But the lower classes frankly get drunk."

The lower classes, and "the poor," were regarded as a different race. Quentin Crewe has not found any evidence of a social conscience until the Edwardian period, when he says there began to be talk of slums and social work. It is difficult to believe that *The Queen* was out of the swim during the great wave of fashionable philanthropy which began in 1884, when the NSPCC was founded, when the verb "to slum" took on a new meaning (previously it had meant to lurk in the slums), and when society ladies, including the Princess of Wales, held drawing-room meetings for charitable organisations. *The Queen* favoured the higher education of women, but reported without comment, in 1889, that the Warden of All Souls and the Warden of Wadham opposed the introduction of women to the University, not only on mental but also on sanitary grounds. Its attitude towards Art was reactionary: Whistler's portrait of his mother was damned as being "flat as a board"; Kipling was reprimanded for being obscure.

The infiltration of parvenus—money

without blood—was a perpetual pre-occupation. Quentin Crewe writes that by Edwardian times it was often sufficient to acquire the symbols of wealth (yachts, race-horses, cars, grouse moors) to be admitted into society, and cites Sir Thomas Lipton as a perfect example of this new attitude. But the case of "The Boating Grocer" was surely a perfect example of the old attitude, for he suffered all his life from the impregnability of privilege's most coveted stronghold: although he spent a fortune in challenging America in the America's Cup, he was time and again refused membership of the Royal Yacht Squadron, only being elected in 1931, shortly before his death.

Throughout the book, the majority of the illustrations are disappointingly undated. When were these "Latest Paris Fashions," and this "Cosy Corner for a Gentleman's Room?" In what year during the 1920s did Marshall & Snelgrove advertise a trousered Boudoir Smoking-suit in black satin? At which opening of Parliament did Mrs. Baldwin wear that dreadful get-up? A "Tango Tea at Princes" is placed at the beginning of the Edwardian chapter, although it cannot, because of the Tango and the clothes, have appeared until three years after King Edward's death. The only suffragette picture, dated 1900, is a misleading choice since the demonstrators seem to be dressed-up to impersonate early Victorian women. There is no index. But it is not meant to be a reference book or history; and as a scrapbook with a theme it is enchanting.

As the narrative text enters the post-war period, it becomes less objective—inevitably, for no writer can view his own times with complete detachment. Snobbery to-day is complicated by the ins and outs of intellectual and inverse snobberies. Well-defined frontiers have given way to nebulous fringes; and *The Queen* has been brilliantly metamorphosed, revolutionised, radicalised. Yet despite its intellectual left-about turn, it continues to reflect the attitudes of privilege... and "Jennifer" still goes to parties.

NEW NOVELS

Riders in the Chariot. Patrick White. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 21/-

Devil of a State. Anthony Burgess. Heinemann, 16/-

Pantaloon. Philip Toynbee. Chatto and Windus, 18/-

The Quick and the Dead. Jerzy Peterkiewicz. Macmillan, 16/-

ACCORDING to an old legend there are in every generation *zaddikim*, or holy ones, who go about the world in



wise humility to make things better for mankind. In Patrick White's new novel, *Riders in the Chariot*, four of them turn up in Australia. The most striking is Miss Hare, a dotty old oddity who goes on alone in her crumbling family mansion and at intervals sees a vision of God riding past in his chariot. Dressed like a scarecrow and at one with the bees and the birds, Miss Hare is a marvellous character, sharp-tongued and mad nor-nor-west. Then there is Himmelfarb, a German Jew who has escaped from the gas-chambers to work out his solitary existence in an Australian factory; and Alf Dubbo, an aboriginal who is an inspired though undiscovered painter; and Mrs. Godbold, a golden-hearted washerwoman untarnished by adversity. In the narrow society of an Australian town these poor creatures are fair game for mockery.

In this morality evil is represented by two suburban cronies, hideously respectable, with poison dripping from their tongues, and by the philistine workers at the factory. Mr. White rambles but is fascinating; sometimes he follows a single character for sixty or seventy pages. This is a novel of great compassion, in which symbolism is discreetly used and tragedy lightened by unflinching humour. It seems to me important.

Devil of a State, by Anthony Burgess, is a much more conventional job, an adroit satire on white men struggling on in Africa. Dunia is a caliphate, run by a very fly despot; it hums with uranium, and has an active People's Party, a feeble UN Adviser, and a corrupt Civil Service in which Francis Lydgate, a tired failure, is wearily in charge of passports. He is haunted by two wives, having accidentally committed bigamy, and a local concubine, and his long war with the Housing Officer has landed him in a novel. With the help of two Italian marble-cutters, a father and son whose mutual hatred and amorous tendencies

are tinder easily ignited, Dunia is building itself a temple. These are the chief ingredients in a light novel that is always readable and sometimes very funny. Mr. Burgess whips them up expertly, and his knowledge of the effects of heat and whisky on frayed nerves comes through with authority.

Pantaloone, by Philip Toynbee, is a gallant experiment that for me just fails. It is the first volume in the autobiography of an old man who is telling his story to a young American in modern verse, breaking occasionally into colloquial prose. I find this method in the end fatiguing. The verse, which is evocative and often amusing, accurately conveys the states of mind of a boy at war with his surroundings, but at a great cost in economy. On the other hand his adventures are full of interest. Having been content to be brought up feudally, he goes to a public school and has the misfortune to be exchanged to the Germany of the '30s (the novel is dated in the future), where he absorbs a lot of earnest Nordic notions and returns a hipster, to be very properly sacked. His relationship with his possessive mother and his school background are well described, but I should prefer to read about them in Mr. Toynbee's excellent prose.

Written in the first person by the ghost of a man who has been hung, *The Quick and the Dead*, by Jerzy Peterkiewicz, begins brilliantly and gradually loses headway in the involutions of a fantastic plot.

—ERIC KEOWN

LAST OF THE YOUNGER SONS

Before the Deluge. Sir Edward Cadogan. John Murray, 25/-

Born eighth in a family of nine Sir Edward Cadogan's early career might well have been described in the political novels of Trollope. Even the loss of three elder brothers barely affected his position as a younger son, and the first election he fought in 1910, for what he calls the "corrupt little borough" of King's Lynn, was conducted on strictly pre-Reform Bill lines. His appointment as Speaker's Secretary, however, gave him both valuable experience of the machinery of the House of Commons and an opportunity for travel during the recess or when, as in 1913, the Government decided to pack it in and not have an autumn session. Sir Edward ends his narrative at the outbreak of World War I, but also gives a chapter to the history of the Eton Manor Boys' Club in Hackney Wick, to which he has devoted himself with selfless generosity for the past half-century. He admits he was handicapped at school and university by the determined anti-intellectualism of his family circle, but he may be said to have emancipated himself from their blinkered point of view, shown at its most extreme by a near relation who wrote: "Don't go abroad, it's a horrible place."

—VIOLET POWELL

NOTES

In Search of a Character. Graham Greene. Bodley Head, 10/6

A small book consisting of two journals, about seventeen years apart in time and written for different reasons. One was kept during a voyage in convoy to West Africa in December, 1941, and sketches in vivid brief notes some of the incidents, the characters, the circumstances, the atmosphere of that time. The other, three times as long, covers January-March, 1959, in the Belgian Congo, and gives us the novelist thinking on paper ("Through whose eyes shall I tell my story?" . . . "Is there a way in which I can use the dreams of X?") as he deliberately seeks material, tests its narrative possibilities, imagines scraps of dialogue and builds character, planning *A Burnt-Out Case*. The mixture of direct observation and the imaginative use or rearrangement of it gives this record a most distinctive and interesting flavour. Neither journal was written to be published, and Mr. Greene says the convoy one was kept only for his own entertainment. It was well worth publishing both for ours.

—RICHARD MALLETT

ANTHOLOGY WITH A DIFFERENCE

Between the Wars. James Laver. Vista Books, 35/-

The compiler of *Victorian Vista* and *Edwardian Promenade* has now given us the last volume in his cavalcade. *Between the Wars* leads us from the land fit for heroes of 1918 to the land of Chamberlain on September 3, 1939. It presents the Bright Young Things at the debutantes' swimming parties, the left-wing intelligentsia (here is the only known photograph of Auden, Day Lewis and Spender together). It presents the aeronauts, Lindbergh and Amy Johnson, and the politicians, Woodrow Wilson and Baldwin. It charts the growth of Hollywood and the Nazi Movement, the new-fangled "wireless," the General Strike, and the TUC; it gives us a detailed account of the Abdication. I am not, in general, in favour of anthologies: I would rather choose my own literature from the menu. But here is an anthology with a difference: it is deftly edited, well illustrated, and it contrives to be both serious and entertaining. The interval between the wars could not make a pretty picture; but Mr. Laver (as his dustjacket implies) presents it as a cautionary tale, with a suitable touch of frivolity as well.—JOANNA RICHARDSON

IN THE OPERATING THEATRE

The Conquest of Pain. Ronald Woolmer. Cassell, 18/-

In this rather misleadingly titled book Professor Woolmer describes with clarity and enthusiasm the work of the anaesthetist, which now includes not merely getting the patient off to sleep but maintaining his respiration and blood supply. Controlling a battery of complicated machines, leaping from dial to





dial, the anaesthetist is as active and versatile as the surgeon, for whom there may not be room in the operating theatre if engineering ingenuity goes much further. Already some of the heart operations need manned switchboards and, probably, computers.

All this is cheering news and Professor Woolmer's belief in his speciality warms his pages; but the optimistic tone of the book is overdone. Some elaborate new device is described with brio and then in an aside Professor Woolmer says that hardly any hospital has it available, though, of course, in the future . . . but by then something even more expensive will have been devised. To come down to the brutal realities, the book does not deal with post-operative pain and gives the impression that to operate for a condition is to cure it.—R. G. G. PRICE

THE POTTERIES

Potbank. Mervyn Jones. *Secker and Warburg*, 12/6

"England's most English city," the Potteries, had a good going-over at the hands of Arnold Bennett, but has since been somewhat neglected. Mervyn Jones makes a fresh attempt to get under the skin of the potter in a very readable, chatty book, *Potbank*. Unifying the whole is an account of the potting industry itself—from slip-house to the apparent confusion of the warehouse. An account of the work of a cup or plate "maker" is followed by observations on marriage and morals. A trip round typical pubs precedes a quick look at culture and religion. There are anecdotes in plenty, lively portraits, and some sensitive descriptive passages.

This is a sympathetically written book, conveying the atmosphere of an isolated Midland town, once dirty, rough and very poor, now growing respectable, clean and modestly affluent. But the author misses, for this reviewer, the essential character of the true potter, mistaking independence for apathy, and

rough humour for oafishness. Incidentally, pikelets are not pasties, and any good dictionary would bring them etymologically to life.

— JANE HOLLOWOOD

LIVELY LIVES

Crowded Canvas. The Memoirs of John Spencer Churchill. *Odhams*, 21/-. Sir Winston's painter-nephew has had a lively life and he re-tells it with an unintrospective verve well suited to the subject. "F.E.", the "Prof", Brendan Bracken, Hilaire Belloc and Margot Asquith all figure here, off-staged when the great man himself makes one of his many and formidable appearances.

Under My Wig. John Parris. *Arthur Barker*, 21/-. Slashing attack on legal system. Gossipy, readable, probably salutary, but tone of personal resentment weakens criticism. Eyebrow-raising tales of police brutality and judicial childishness. Refreshing to see judges trounced by name.

HARROVIAN CLOWN

A Circus Year. Michael Mardon. *Putnam*, 21/-

No Etonian will be surprised that an Old Harrovian should turn clown, and it is in a sense most courageous of Mr. Mardon to reveal how temperamentally attuned he is to the zany world of the travelling circus. Known as Cuthbert to his colleagues, the author, having decided to travel light and under canvas, ran to the great Coco (a splendidly racy interview this) for some master-tips on how to convey farce which touches the heart as well as the lungs. Enthusiastic and anecdotal, this autobiographical chapter is not only exceedingly entertaining but contains some extraordinarily shrewd comments on the art and craft of buffoonery. Mr. Mardon's circus—small, not especially select, yet respectably trade-toured the English counties, and his record of this curious fringery and their nomadic existence is a valuable addition. With Christmas now being sighted this well-illustrated book commands a place on that shopping list.

— KAY DICK



CREDIT BALANCE

Living Free. Joy Adamson, with an introduction by Sir Julian Huxley. *Collins-Harvill*, 25/-. This continues the story of Mrs. Adamson's tame lion Elsa, and brings in Elsa's cubs, whose own social behaviour was just as remarkable. It's an exciting story, despite the plethora of animal stories we get nowadays, pleasantly told and marvellously well illustrated. As a Christmas present, ideal for anyone of six years old or more.

A Passport Secretly Green. Noel Perrin. *Methuen*, 21/-. A score of charmingly urbane essays by a young American who tried to "pass" for British. Several of them first appeared in *Punch*, all of them should please its readers.

The Golden Age of Tramways. Charles Klapper. *Routledge and Kegan Paul*, 40/-. A very complete history of trams, with plenty of technicalities for the technical-minded and nostalgia for the nostalgic, and nearly fifty fascinating photographs.

Bits and Pieces. J. C. Masterman. *Hodder and Stoughton*, 18/-. Sir John Masterman's friends may be glad to have in a single cover his articles and *jeux d'esprit*, whether dealing with Oxford, Cricket, Crime or experiences in pre-1914 Germany. Also included is a play about Ney.



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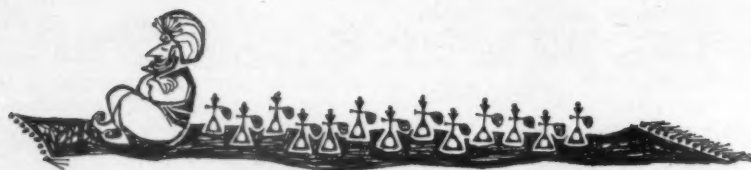
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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE



FOR WOMEN



Five Dust-Bins in Rome

THE first one was tin; a neat thing with a shiny rim round its neat plain lid and an octagonal knob on top. It had to accommodate one day's dust from a one-roomed flat and did the job all right. But I never got really attached and didn't grieve when it was stolen.

Only I couldn't afford to lose dust-bins. I had almost no money and a very unfurnished flat. New-built and tricked with tiles and chromium, it clung attractively to the Janiculum, and if you leant sideways from a window you saw San Pietro in Montorio, some pines and a eucalyptus. For furniture it had exquisite soup plates and an iron bedstead, and I'd fancied buying it chairs next more than dust-bins. Besides, I felt the meanness; stealing poor women's small-size dust-bins! And the injustice; other people didn't lose their dust-bins. They couldn't really, because the average Roman dust-bin is as inaccessible as the average Roman flat, which resembles a suite in Colditz, especially at night when the sentinel porter retires and the bolts, bars and portcullises take over. There's no future in bin-filching.

Where I live it's different. We cling to the hillside in smallish units, connected by a private road that half Rome uses, and the porter has a cottage at the top. My unit is very tiny because my bit of hill is very steep. There are three of us clinging like crustaceans to the hillside and each other, with three people somewhere underneath. We each have our methods; my hall has seven sides and my living room four that don't meet at right angles. It's

hard to keep a pillow on the bed, but I get a good purchase on my neighbours. We each have our own front doors, at different levels, and it's very quaint and jolly; but we have to put our dust-bins in the street.

My second was white plastic and I doted on it. On the small side, even for one day's dust in a one-roomed flat, there was a demure charm about it and I would gaze at it with pleasure sometimes as I gaze at the wardrobe I bought in Porta Portese market, which has heads and flowers on it and leans against the long side of the hall. I had this bin for weeks and used to wash it, but one day when I opened the door it was gone.

The plumbing kept me from brooding. Always wayward, it now packed up completely and the porter summoned help. I'd thought the stoppage might be general, but he said no. "We have, perhaps, a few faults, we Italians; but we don't turn off the water without

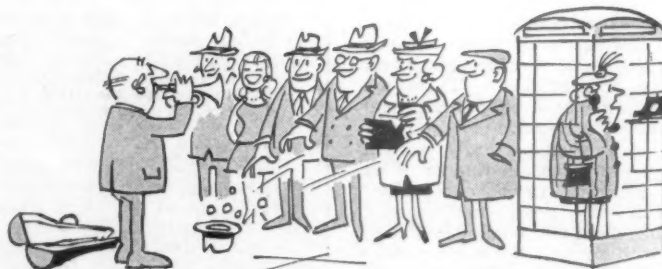
warning." They make a dreadful mess when plumbing, though, and I couldn't concentrate on dust-bins. In some interval in the mopping I carelessly bought the third—white plastic and nasty, picked by my subconscious to parody the loved one. It was bulbous, opalescent, and semi-transparent too, so that by evening sardine tins and dead mimosa leered out through the mother-of-pearl. I was glad when they stole it.

Its successor was a rather pretty yellow thing, completely opaque. But perhaps a bit aggressive; I never made up my mind, I was too busy mending a door the couple of days that I had it.

The fifth is tin. One gets sick of plastic. I view it with total detachment—a mere dust-bin—but look after it, and so I have it still. It has never stood lonely at night on the *strada privata* that climbs through our casbah. "Don't put it out at night, *per carità*," said the porter's wife commiserating on my latest loss, and I never do. "Seven o'clock in the morning's the time," and sometimes I get up. When I don't, I have to shop accordingly; I can't buy artichokes if the bin's already full—which is maddening when I know good recipes—or cockles, squids, or fennel.

Perhaps I should think about moving; there's no shortage of houses in Rome. But I like living just below Bramante's tempietto and just above Trastevere, and I know a butcher; and I've bought an antique gilded cherub and had his base made obtuse enough to fit the corner opposite the window. It would be nice, though, to sleep in without the house smelling, eat anything any day, and think sometimes about higher things. Besides, I'm not sure I can cope with the way the walls are cracking.

— M. T. MORDUE



The National Beauty Service

OF course, my child, you won't remember how the National Beauty Service began, will you? It is so easy to take for granted the achievement of one's grandparents, you know. After the Tories had been in for umpteen years, and had introduced one or two unpopular measures—like bringing back the cat to discipline the teachers, and clapping a thousand per cent PT on tea to stop the British worker from lounging around, the Socialists began to perk up a bit and look round for some new ideas. One of their bright boys who was just left of right off-centre said it would have to be something with a bit of appeal to the women. That is how they hit on the NBS, and won the election.

There were protests, naturally, but most of the beauty people came in in the end. The bottom dropped right out of Nuclears because everybody was buying Beauties, so the Government increased the Customs and Excise on wine, to right the Economy, which for some reason or another upset France, and led to the fifteenth deadlock in the Common Market negotiations. You don't understand; well, only experts understand this kind of thing, my dear. You and I would just take a little bit off Here and put it on There, and it wouldn't be anything like as scientific.

Well, anyway, the women were delighted. They could have their lipsticks and their Royal Jelly and their Beehives on the National, and there were special forms you could get at the Post Office to apply for booklets entitling you to a weekly massage.

We all looked pretty marvellous for a time, and then some of the women who had never thought of being beautiful all their lives started hogging the Turkish baths, and smothering themselves with hormones. Soon you had to book up six months ahead if you wanted a shampoo and set, perms were on a strict rota, except for nursing mothers; and the Government produced three standard shades of lipstick, pink, very pink, and red. Once there was a terrible scandal when it was discovered that enough sun-tan lotion for sixty-seven years had been stockpiled just before fashion writers started plugging the pale peony look which was all the rage on Copacabana beach. So they set up Beauty Clinics, and appointed Beauty Visitors, so that any wayward women who didn't want to be beautiful could be properly educated to their responsibilities, and those who wanted to be beautiful but different could be brought into line.

A month before the next election was due the Russians put up twelve satellites, each carrying twin megaton bombs. These were programmed to hit any of the main cities of the world—New York, Blackpool, etc.—so naturally the next election was fought entirely on the issue as to whether the Beauty Service would be best supported by a free enterprise economy, or whether the lanoline-producing sheep should be subsidised. This time the Tories got in. Once in office they knew they had to do something, but they weren't quite sure what. Bank rate shot up to 27½ per cent.

So they called in some experts.

One was Chairman of the Iron and Steel Board and another was a back-room boy who had revolutionised sewage disposal. The Iron and Steel man produced millions of pairs of corsets with miniature winches for the laces. Some of these are still lying around in the Army Surplus stores. Of course the women wore them, they will wear pretty well anything as long as it is new and uncomfortable. When they sat down the things clattered, and when they stood up the segments pinched. Velvet linings had to be imported from Italy, because no one could convince the women that they had gone out of fashion, so the beauty budget continued to soar.

The sewage man was still working in his laboratories. Eventually he produced a plastic face, which was very nearly indistinguishable from a real face, with a choice of three age-types and four different colour-blends. This meant a real saving on cream and powder. Of course things have improved a lot since then, with a much wider size and colour range. You youngsters nowadays wouldn't look at the things we had to wear.

What do you say? Oh, no. I don't wear them. Never have, actually. Well you see I lost my looks just before the NBS came in. I was awarded £10,000 against a hairdresser for removing my eyebrows completely when I only wanted a touch up. I've never had to worry about money since, nor beauty for that matter. — JOAN CREIGHTON

Fridge

OF all the trends that grace
The fridge now, none
counts more
Than having storage-space
Built in its actual door;

Though sometimes, when I shut
My fridge (*one minute, whoa,*
Slight case of door-shelf jut
On chicken plate), I know

That (*raise it, aim it where*
The bottles miss it) I
(*Yes, door now, slowly there*)
Do rather wonder why.

—ANGELA MILNE



FIRST APPEARANCE

FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

ALL my family are very fond of animals.
 All my family are madly keen on pets.
 All my family devote their lives to animals.
 My sister is a kennel-maid; my brothers both are vets.

None of my relations could harm a living creature.
 They wouldn't kill a spider, or set a trap for rats.
 The wasps' nest in the garden is a permanent feature.
 (Would you shut the window? It's draughty for the cats.)

All my relations share a very strong feeling
 That keeping things in cages is immoral and unfair.
 You've noticed that the budgies are flying round the ceiling?
 (No need to be nervous—they won't get in your hair.)

All my family think that every kind of animal
 Deserves consideration—and I believe it's true.
 And that's why I'm leaving to join another family
 Who'll remember, just occasionally, that I'm one, too.

— KATHERINE WATTS

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"And of course, if you buy two, sir, you can shave in quarter the time."

I SHALL NEVER KNOW

AS the train rounded the curve the bowler was starting his run. I sighed. I'd seen it all before. The pattern never changes.

I recalled seeing a golfer preparing for his putt. Lying on his stomach, he was working out the best line to the hole. His surreptitious testing of the green's texture before he rose aroused in me a fellow-feeling. Running alongside the course, the train gave a splendid view. With infinite care he took his putter back and—the train roared into a tunnel. I never knew if he holed out.

But this time it was different. The train was slowing down.

It was a fastish ball, short of a length down the leg side. Instinctively the batsman—the tubby type with a bald patch showing—defended his body and the ball rolled gently towards square leg. Without interrupting his conversation with the umpire a fieldsman waited for the ball to arrive.

To my astonishment the other batsman charged down the pitch. Obviously his view of the fieldsman had been obstructed by the umpire.

I jumped to my feet. "No. No. Go back! Go back!" I yelled, banging the window.

Two of my three fellow-passengers marked the places in their books and stared at me in amazement. The third, an elderly lady with cropped hair, tweeds, and glasses framed in vivid blue, pulled the communication cord.

"Thank you, madam," I said, waiting for a tall hedge to slide by. "Now, at last, I shall know."

But I didn't. Before the train stopped the cricket field had faded from our view. I shall never know which of those batsmen was run out.

One thing, however, I do know—the cost of pulling a communication cord without sufficient grounds. The old lady and I shared it equally between us.

— FRED STEAD

SITTING

YOU see them sitting by the road,
 In lovely country places
 Some are staring into space,
 And some have wooden faces
 You see them having food and drink,
 Or looking at the news—
 They do not want to take a walk,
 In spite of spacious views
 Don't think that they are robots,
 Or men arrived from Mars—
 They're just the people who delight
 To sit around in cars.

— MIRIAM EKER

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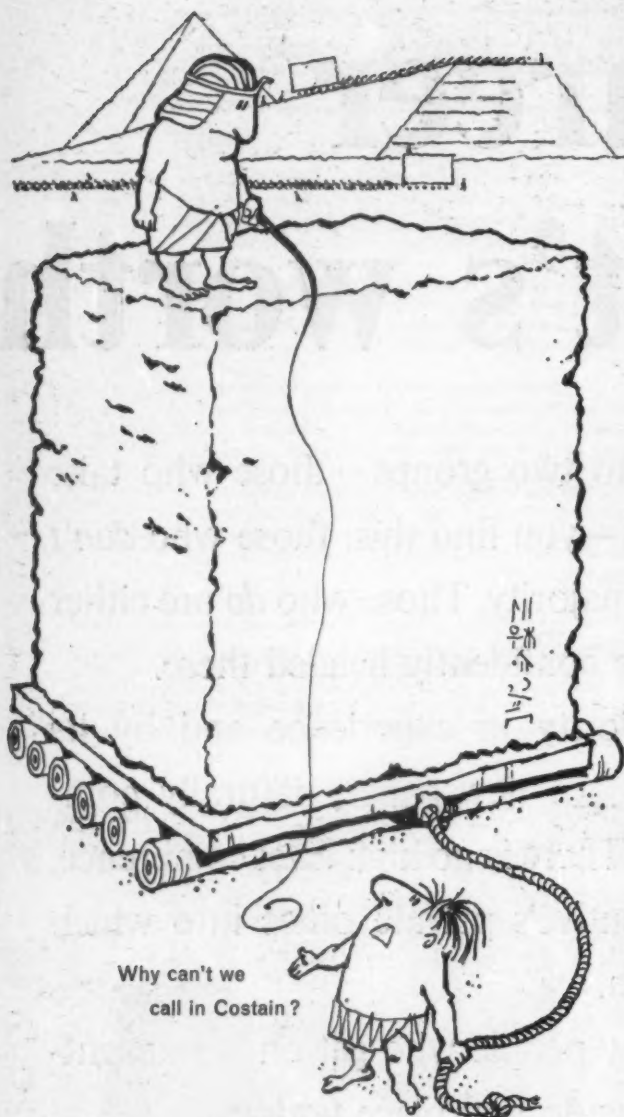
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE XIX

Dave Brubeck Quartet. Nov. 19, 7.30 pm, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, soloist Julius Katchen (piano). Nov. 20, 8 pm, Philharmonia Orchestra, soloist Wilhelm Backhaus (piano). Nov. 21, 8 pm, Royal Concert, Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus, soloist Donald Bell (baritone).

Wigmore Hall—Nov. 15, 7.30 pm, John Blot (piano). Nov. 16, 7.30 pm, Meyer Rosenstein (piano). Nov. 17, 7.30 pm, Narciso Yepes (guitar). Nov. 18, 3 pm, Philip Challis (piano). 7.30 pm, Dilys Orpen (mezzo-sop.), Anna Berenska (piano). Nov. 19, 3 pm, Chieko Hara de Cassado (piano). Nov. 20, 7.30 pm, Clive Lythgoe (piano). Nov. 21, 7.30 pm, Gerhard Mantel (cello), Erika Frieser (piano).

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden—Nov. 15 and 18, 7.30 pm, *Fidelio* (Beethoven). Nov. 16, 7.30 pm, *Antigone*, *Symphonic Variations*, *The Firebird* (ballet). Nov. 17, 7.30 pm, *The Sleeping Beauty* (ballet). Nov. 18, 2.30 pm, *Giselle* (ballet). Nov. 20, 7.30 pm, *The Silent Woman* (Strauss). Nov. 21, 7.30 pm, *Ondine* (ballet).

Sadler's Wells Theatre—Nov. 15 and 17, 7.30 pm, *Ariadne On Naxos* (Strauss). Nov. 16, 7.30 pm, *Rigoletto* (Verdi). Nov. 18, 7.30 pm, *Tosca* (Puccini).

GALLERIES

Agnew—Pictures by Dutch, English and Italian Masters. **Alfred Brod**—Frances Macdonald. **Arthur Jeffress**—Paul Helleu. **Beaux Arts**—Leon Kossoff. **Biggins**—John Godenne. **Gimpel Fils**—John Levee. **Hanover**—Vasarely. **I.C.A.**—Tapisseries de Petit Format, to November 18. **Kaplan**—Anthony Harrison. **Lefevre**—Jean Commère. **McRoberts and Tunnard**—Lawrence Calcagno. **Arthur Tooth**—Recent acquisitions. **Royal Academy**—Sir Thomas Lawrence. **Tate**—Epstein Memorial Exhibition. **Waddington**—Kit Barker. **Walker's**—Early English Watercolours.

MISCELLANEOUS

British Museum, Great Russell Street, W.C.1. Antiquities, works of art, printed books, manuscripts. Daily, 10 am to 5 pm, Sundays 2.30 to 6 pm.

The Building Centre, Store Street, W.C.1. Monday to Friday 9.30 am to 5 pm, Saturdays 9.30 am to 1 pm. **Central Criminal Court**, Old Bailey, E.C.4. Public galleries open Monday to Friday 10.15 am and 2 pm, Saturdays 11 am.

The Design Centre, Haymarket, S.W.1. Daily, except Sundays, 9.30 am to 5.30 pm, Wednesday and Thursday 9 am to 9 pm.

London Museum, Kensington Gardens, W.8. History of London. Daily 10 am to 4 pm, Sundays 2 to 4 pm.

The London Planetarium, Marylebone Road, N.W.1. Monday to Friday, 11 am, 12.15, 3 pm, 4.15 pm, 7 pm. Saturdays, 11 am, 12.15 pm, 1.45 pm, 3 pm, 4.15 pm, 5.30 pm, 6.35 pm, 8 pm. Sundays, 3 pm, 4.15 pm, 5.30 pm, 6.35 pm, 8 pm.

Madame Tussaud's, Marylebone Road, N.W.1. Monday to Friday 10 am to 6 pm, Saturdays and Sundays 10 am to 7 pm.

Natural History Museum, Cromwell Road, S.W.7. Natural sciences. Daily 10 am to 6 pm, Sundays 2.30 to 6 pm. Daily 3 pm lecture tours, except Sundays.

Parliament. Strangers Gallery, House of Commons, Monday to Thursday 4.15 pm, Fridays 11.30 am: House of Lords, Tuesday and Wednesday 2.30 pm, Thursday 3 pm.

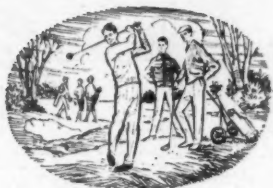
Royal Courts of Justice, Strand, W.C.2. Public galleries open Monday to Friday 10.15 am to 4.30 pm. **Royal Exchange**, E.C.3. Monday to Friday 10 am to 3 pm, Saturdays 10 am to 12 noon.

Science Museum, Exhibition Road, S.W.7. National Museum of Science and Technology. Daily 10 am to 6 pm, Sundays 2.30 to 6 pm. Daily public lectures, children's films, 11 am. Sundays excepted.

Stock Exchange, 8 Throgmorton Street, E.C.2. Public gallery open Tuesday to Friday 10.30 am to 3 pm.

Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Road, S.W.7. Museum of Applied and Fine Arts, all countries, styles and periods. Daily 10 am to 6 pm, Sundays 2.30 pm. to 6 pm.

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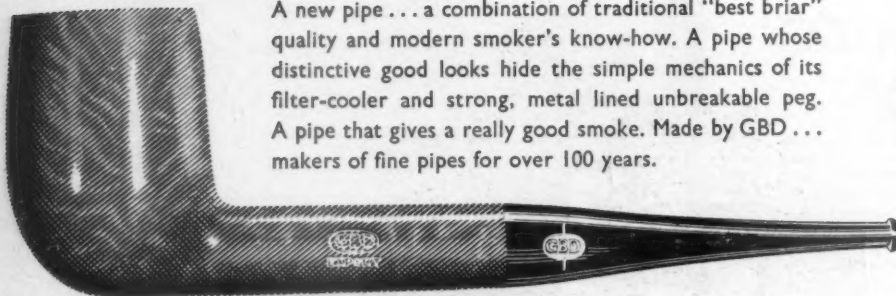
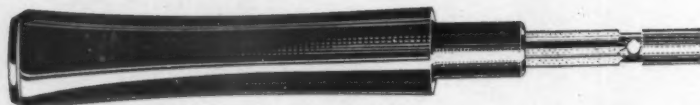
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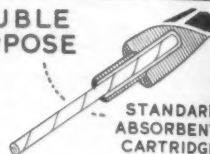
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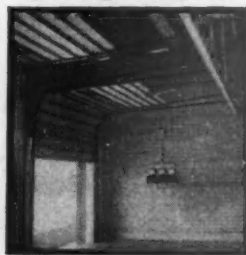
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P.28

Punch, November 15 1961

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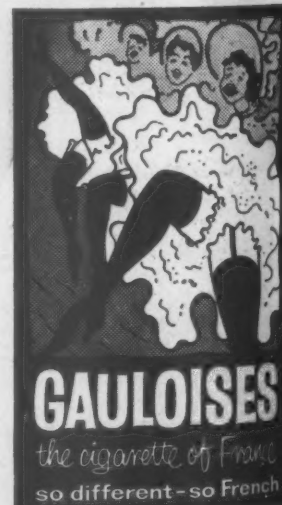
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November 17 1961

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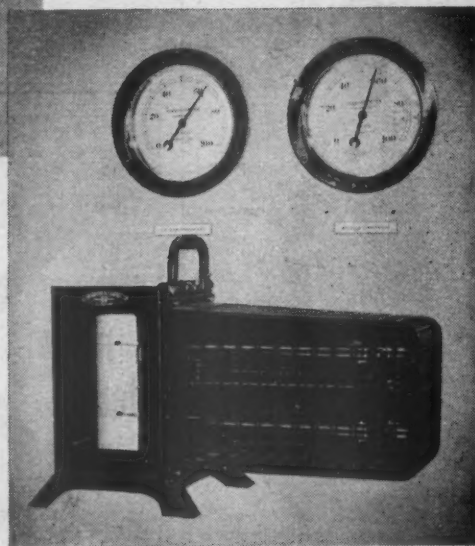
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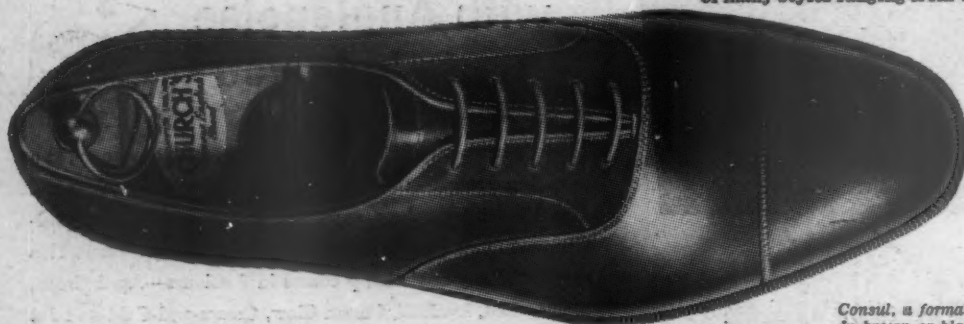
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Punch, November 15 1961

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